PENTHOUSE

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Vol. 1. No. 1. 5s.

Sir Julian Huxley
Colin Wilson
Alan Sillitoe
Laura Del Rivo
Alex Comfort
Alex Trocchi
Wolf Mankowitz
Bill Hopkins
Gerald Kersh
Stuart Holroyd
Allen Edwardes
Girls/Fashion
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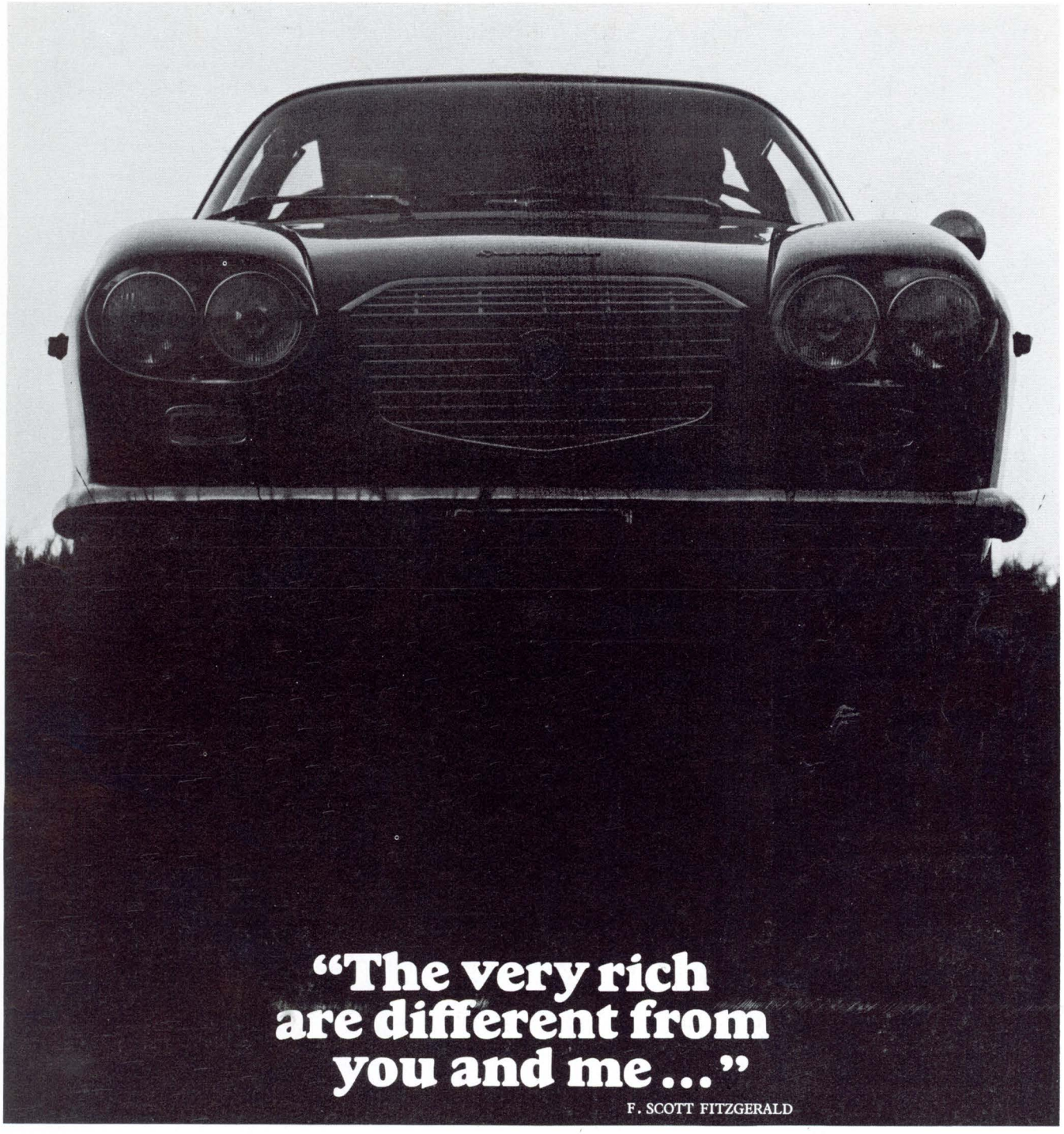

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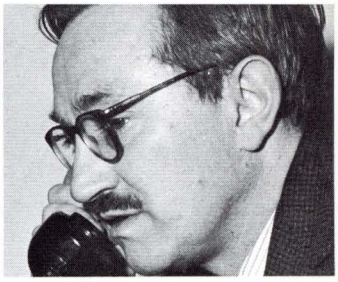

ATHERTON

Dr. Alex Comfort

STUDIO LISA

Sir Julian Huxley

BRINGING TOGETHER A DISTINGUISHED assembly of writers for a new and unproved magazine is a notoriously difficult assignment; we look on it as a happy augury that the contributors to the first issue of PENTHOUSE contradict all the Jeremiah's forebodings and, in fact, establish a record in British magazine publishing. When we announced our policy and intentions in a million brochures distributed throughout Britain and the Commonwealth, our Editorial offices filled with famous faces, and support came pouring in with every post—so, from the outset, our position has been the reverse of the usual one for new publications.

Heading our list is **Sir Julian Huxley,** long a fighter in the cause of evolutionary humanism and probably the most eminent populariser of scientific ideas living. A former Director General of Unesco, Sir Julian's analytic piece on race hatred, perhaps the greatest menace to the evolution of our species, is delivered in his own inimitable style. It should contribute a quantum in commonsense to those perilously tempted by outdated thinking. He is off to Africa soon to work in conjunction with the World Wild Life Fund, and promises an article on the situation there when he gets back.

Dr. Alex Comfort, donating his glorious intellectual spoof *On Subliminal Self-Advertising*, is keeping well in character as the prime candidate for Bernard Shaw's mantle of diabolic humour. A belligerent pamphleteer for causes such as anarchism, nuclear disarmament and literary freedom, he is, like Huxley, a scientist by profession and a writer by inclination. Born in 1920 and educated at Cambridge and The London Hospital, he was Nuffield Research Fellow in the biology of ageing, and is honorary Research Associate at University College, London.

Also in our pages, waiting for the flick of your finger, is **Gerald Kersh,** undoubtedly the finest exponent of the short story today. *No Matter How You Slice It*, his hilarious tale of a personality exchange, is a yarn in typical top gear. Long resident in the U.S., expatriate Kersh has flown a mighty distance since publishing his first book in an edition of one copy (bound in his father's brocade waistcoat). In the short story medium alone, he has written 3,000 separate pieces; now we're delighted to offer his 3,001st.

Wolf Mankowitz, whose name usually appears where the fighting is heaviest, has matched Kersh's effort with the second of our short stories about one of Nature's cosmonauts, a flea, with a Jeeves-like discernment about what makes a good owner. Wolf, who continues to entertain in all mediums, is another indefatigable traveller and worker. Spending half the year at an idyllic hideout in Barbados and the other half at his home in Kent he is at present working on the screenplay for *The Prince of Thieves*.

Anyone who has read *Jewel in the Lotus*, the best-selling book dealing with the sexual customs and habits of the East, will be familiar with the name of **Allen Edwardes,** probably the outstanding orientalist of our times. Over the last few years Edwardes has been keeping a sharp eye on the converging paths of East and West, and in his latest book, *The Cradle of Erotica* (still to be published over here) has reached some disturbing conclusions. He summarises his thoughts in a special feature for us: *The Crossroads of Morality*.

In our début number we carry (on page 11) the first of our *Symposia*; a regular series of collective views designed to illuminate definite aspects of our society. Representing the younger generation of writers in the first is **Colin Wilson,** described by Albert Camus shortly before his death as "more important than most of his compatriots realise". Today a self-declared existentialist and phenomenologist, Wilson has written fourteen books since 1957, including the monumental *Outsider Cycle*. The completion of the Cycle, *Beyond the Outsider*, appeared in January.

Alan Sillitoe is at the moment completing his latest novel *The Death of William Poster*. Normally adamant in his refusal to lend his name to anything concerned with personal publicity, he made an exception in the case of our Symposium because of his concern with the subjects discussed. Married to American poet **Ruth Fainlight,** he lives in the lively London district of Notting Hill Gate.

Also living there, just a few streets from Sillitoe, is **Laura del Rivo.** Laura achieved wide notice when her first novel, *The Furnished Room*, was published in 1961. The book was filmed and Laura travelled through the U.S. for a year on the proceeds. Her second novel is now almost on its last chapters.

Alex Trocchi, another resident of the district, is probably the author most under attack in Britain today. With his work being seized by the police, Trocchi is unperturbed. As a militant pamphleteer and an unwavering enemy of our "sham" society, he is more concerned with the world of tomorrow and accelerating its arrival.

Stuart Holroyd, who lives in an architectural folly at Hastings, on the South Coast, is at present working on an ambitious book relating to the history of the English Imagination. As the author of *Emergence From Chaos*, he won critical acclaim at 24 as one of the most arresting empirical philosophers on the British scene, an almost unprecedented age for such evaluations.

PENTHOUSE

The Magazine For Men

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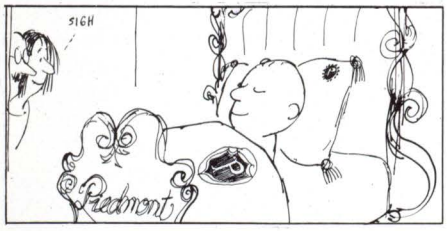

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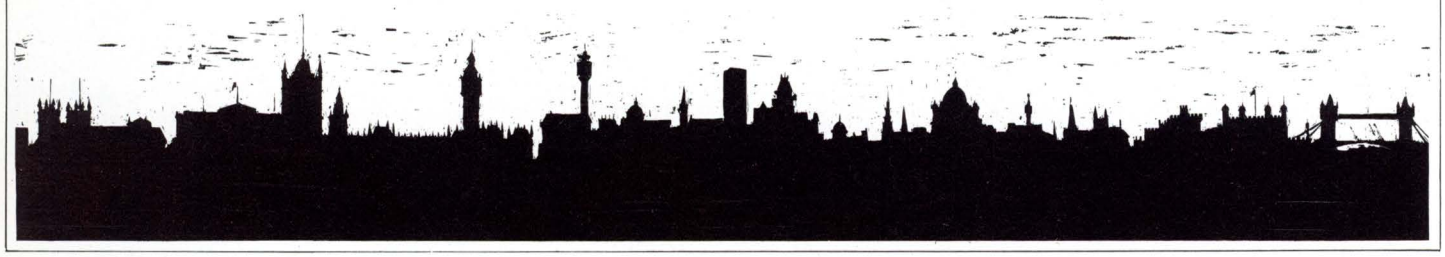
MARTELL

VIEW FROM THE TOP



NO ONE WOULD QUARREL WITH US, WE suppose, if we claimed that this first number of PENTHOUSE makes ours about the noisiest début in publishing history. Certainly, it would be hard to find a precedent where a new magazine has been the subject of questions in Parliament, judicially warned in the High Courts, and been argued for and against in the Press, on television and the old steam radio *before* we had even gone to press.

The cause of the brouhaha was, of course, the million sparkling four-colour brochures carrying eight beautiful girls in delectable stages of nudity put out for would-be subscribers. The public response was quite remarkable—not only did the subscriptions come storming in, but the Grundy family came too, in all its prancing proliferations. The brochure, they said, was indecent, blasphemous (*sic*) and obscene, and our magazine must be stopped immediately. They said it from the pulpits, the lecture platforms, in television studios, and even from the floor of the Commons itself.

These champions of public morality crying out against a then-phantom PENTHOUSE that nobody had actually seen, including us, provided an extraordinary spectacle that a sociologist could cherish as British parochial close-mindedness at its choicest and most apoplectic. Far from being deterred by the lack of tangible evidence (apart from our disarming brochure) Grundyism actually throve on its imagination. We were regaled in detail with just what PENTHOUSE was plotting against:

(1) Society ("subvert" . . "corrupt" . . "undermine" . . "blow up").
(2) Youth ("pervert" . . "excite" . . "pollute" . . "seduce").
(3) Decent Men ("alienate from marriage" . . "inflame" . . "make ridiculous" . . "tempt" . . "disillusion"). And, especially—
(4) Decent Girls ("lust after" . . "strip" . . "degrade" . . "mock" . . "de-Christianise".

The exciting (if somewhat exhausting) programme ascribed to us was offered as categorically as if we had actually announced it. Needless to say, it was news to us, also.

This sort of thing, of course, constitutes incitement of the first order, almost designed to provoke the susceptible to commit what they are urgently and continually warned against committing—or, in finer point, to respond to incitement of what is seemingly needed (if we listen to Freud) in equal proportion to what is excitedly protested against (which wasn't there in the first place). Alas, at this juncture we might remember the wise words of de Lautremont that "even lice are incapable of the evil to which our imagination prompts them."

It is almost an academic necessity for any psychologist to pass his attention from *what* is said to *why* it is said, as it almost invariably amounts to a self-revelationary disclosure rather than a self-complete statement on what is observed. And no one can dispute that the imagination of our critics provide interesting matter for the student of things pathological.

Not, of course, that we were unflattered by what was attributed to us: after all, we are not averse to joining classic company any more than the next man, although we felt a certain lack of justification for the honour during the pre-publication period. But then, when charges of pornography are levelled, the difficulty is never really in finding targets but rather in ensuring a supply of accusers, particularly as our species evolves and becomes more intelligent.

It is illuminating that in this day and age when the definitions of what pornography is and is not has tangled up most of our courts in legalistic wrangles and interminable discussions, there are still provençal Quixotes madder than anything in Cervantes ready to put a girl's clothes back on her however happy or comfortable she might be without them.

One can't help suspecting such bewildered chivalry often springs from an unspoken conviction that the body is something revolting and better concealed from view. A conception still at the back of most Christian thinking where the spirit and the body are at war. It is difficult to understand how such purists bridge the dichotomy when all culture denies the separation. One can only mildly suppose that the utter frankness of Renaissance bronzes, marbles and paintings, removed from the immediacy of our own time, exercises some paralysis of the perception and judgment of moralists. Certainly, there was nothing in the subscription brochures we put out that would not have delighted any of the Renaissance artists our critics admire so unanimously: the fact they created such an uproar can only prove to the sophisticated reader that the line of demarcation between the pornographic and pure art is really the difference between the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and the twentieth. Just a matter of time.

Nevertheless, whatever the difficulties of occupying the here and now that seems the core of the dispute, we shall continue to supply the discerning with pictures of our delightful pets confident that most will share our enthusiasm, leaving the few to groan as sepulchrally as they like.

As the Arabs say: "The dogs may bark, but the caravan rolls on."

Kirk's Works

Down in the dim corners of Ronnie Scott's Jazz Club in Oxford Street the dust is still settling after being kicked up by Roland Kirk's wild and whirlwind visit last autumn. Some of the hardened locals there are living under the impression that he's still around. They are to be seen squatting in little groups all through the early hours, comparing the saddest of mental notes:

"Listen, Kirk played 'Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gave To Me' with a tenor in his mouth, an alto in his mouth, a nose flute in his nose, a siren-whistle in his ear, and a slide-saxophone somewhere. . . ."

"—What do you mean, *somewhere?*"

"Well, the club was crowded, I was under a table, I couldn't see *everything*."

But whether you viewed the esoteric Roland Kirk from under a table, or from where they ladle out the festive ale, or from just 10 inches away from where he wailed, the musical bombardment was equally devastating. Normally strong and silent Englishmen were seen to pale and suddenly

flee from the uncanny spectacle of Kirk balancing a cello upon his head whilst belting out an improbably raucous version of 'Greensleeves', through which the clean tones of a hunting horn, that somehow clung to Kirk's nose, balanced the divine counterpoint.

And there were words, too. Wild, earthy words. Smack in the middle of a grinding blues Kirk was heard to cry, "Every bum in this town tells me to my face that I can't play one instrument simultaneously!" Now and then he had something to say about Motherhood and the like: "All mothers are phonies, and all fans are phonies." And brother, when Roland Kirk played, the institutional request system was cunningly reversed. With a disarming smile he tried to rob his audience of their hard-earned marijuana by stopping abruptly in the middle of a solo and enquiring, "Anybody here got grabs on those *good* cigarettes?"

It came as something of a minor electric shock when you realised that beneath all this inspired Marx Brothers madness there lurked a musician of tremendous originality and sincerity; a Jelly Roll Morton, if we have to stoop to exhuming some kind of comparison, of the day. The cruel thing is that the unique wildness of Kirk, his dazzling armoury of real and home-made instruments, his knife-sharp comments, all remain starkly in the mind. Fie upon the mind's inability to retain so strongly the marvellous music he came and played! This remains but a blurr, a wicked blurr. Ask any of those locals who saw him and think he's still there. Ten will get you five—the odds are that low—that they'll smile and say:

"Roland had around his neck *fourteen* live instruments. Most of them were awailin'. Let's see now, there was a stritch, five tenor saxophones, a siren-whistle, a slide-trumpet. and . . ."

But the hell, Kirk's gone. He's been gone for months. Oxford Street lies a' blowin' in the wind without him. Dim in comparison are the evening sounds that brew down in Ronnie Scott's Jazz Club. Oh, sure—John Coltrane is on his way over this year, and maybe the gates will open wide for Thelonius Monk, but you try peddling that as a tale of consolation to those who saw and loved Kirk. "Roland Kirk?" they'll say, with fond and wistful nostalgia brewing in their eyes. "Roland Kirk, hereby voted the top group of 1964."

Backroom Art

Zounds, the secret of the century has fled from its cage; now every Tom, Dick and Leonardo who can wrap his tongue around Post-Impressionistic jargon is aware that today's true art lies not on the gallery walls, but instead on the gallery's toilet walls. You pays your penny and you takes your choice! But perchance you are not clued in to the ever-expanding variety of art available on the toilet walls of London? Herewith follows a brief guide to what it's all about; probably the first and last of its kind ever to appear.

Redfern—Sebastian Frith has been doing a lot of his feverish, almost perspiring frescoes on the toilet walls here, but it's hard to see what he's actually getting at. His always clumsy use of symbology is not exactly enhanced by the cryptic calligraphy that interpolates all of his pictures. Most of this literary litter seems to be in narrative form, and in widely differing styles. But at least the content of Sebastian's message is consistent.

Tate—Although the Kitchen Sink school seems to be gently expiring under the hot breath of Art Nouveau and the like, nobody seems to have told Wilberforce De Quincey the good news. He's still thumping away for the Cause with his huge pictures of scullery walls, cornflake packets scattered at random, and leadern suburban walls as though he's just invented the damn thing. There is nothing here to move one's heart the way De Quincey's pictures used to do. The best bet here is just to pull the chain and walk away.

Beaux Arts — If it's a cruel sense of angular pigmentation you're after, linked with daringly sensual forms that seem to leap from the toilet walls in a positive frenzy of Mother-Love, then Samantha Aglow is definitely your dish. This girl literally doesn't know *when* to stop. Some of her works—'Captain Art Thou Creepin' There Below?' for instance—extend from the walls themselves and go cavorting across the floor, disappearing finally up aloft where the ballcock dwells. But once she has learned to control these streaks of devilment, there's no telling what she might get up to. Oh, just one thing, Samantha—how come they let you in the *Gents?*

Victoria and Albert Museum—Things are really swinging up at Vic and Al's place these days. Steaming in on the heels of Van Dike's superb plastic medallion exhibition last month is a really dazzling collection of erotic basketwork by Crispian Tunise, a little-known Egyptian folk artist. These gaily-coloured baskets festoon the toilet walls with true pagan quality, and there is little they do not say about the omnipotent fascinations of promiscurity.

Lefevre—There seem not to be any toilets here, or if there are, they keep them locked in the safe.

Grabowski—Miranda Sybarite has somehow triumphed again, in spite of the prevailing space restrictions, by erecting one of her huge welded steel abstract sculptures in one of the toilets here. (Well, in reality, it's half in and half out, which can at times be embarrassing, but no mind.) The sculpture itself is something of a great tortured and twisted hulk, though no doubt it's coherent to Miranda, who has rather wickedly named it 'Oedipus And Chips'.

Before you bicycle off to see your favourite exhibition, keep in mind the fact that the art of the toilet wall is strictly an ephemeral one. What's new and revolutionary today might well be just a blank wall tomorrow. For the toilet attendants are, sadly, a Philistinic bunch at the best of times. There's nothing they love better than to pitch into a valuable work of art with a bucket of turps and a plastic, self-loadable mop.

Help Me Up!

A somewhat wayward recipe for "Philadelphia Fish-House Punch" appeared in the Bon Vivant's Companion, published in the (apparently) snowy Spring of 1862. The reader was requested to gather, by fair means or foul, the following ingredients:

Two-thirds of a pint of lemon juice.
One-and-a-half pounds of white sugar.
Two pints of mixture, composed of half a pint of Peach brandy, half-a-pint of Cognac brandy, and half-a-pint of Jamaica rum.
Two-and-a-half pints of cold water.

Beneath this mouth-watering list was added the engaging footnote: "*The above is generally sufficient for one person.*"

The Mighty Falleth

For connoisseurs of "By the same author" Notes—if there are any in the house—this dyspeptic list was spotted in a recent book:

Books by Herbert Asbury
Up from Methodism
A Methodist Saint
The Gangs of New York
An Informal History of the Underworld

Perfect Hell

"My client is anxious to escape the ordeal of living under the Socialist Government in Great Britain. She seeks medium-size residence with character, charm and all the usual amenities that a rather fussy English lady would expect. Two bedrooms sufficient, but two or three extra rooms could be used to accommodate her rather large Mastiffs. She likes beamed ceilings and leaded windows, but is reconciled to the fact that these features are not always readily available in this area."—*Daily Columnist.*

A dog's life? Even they've got out!

The Long Bite

" 'Thag' belongs to Lady Kimber, the authoress Margaret Bonham, who is away at present. It was given to her as a pet by Dr. Pinney, who could not comment. The doctor took a vow four years ago not to speak on Wednesdays as a protest against Britain's possession of nuclear weapons."
—*Daily Telegraph.*

For God's sake, Doc—call him, off!

Everybody's doing it

"As I arrived at Southwark Cathedral on Sunday someone flung out a tiny inoffensive cat. The animal stumbled, regained its balance and ran up to me.

"Perhaps, I mused, in some deep mysterious way it had benefited far more from the service than the one who had ejected it. For, unlike him, it had the happiest face I had seen in years."—Reader's letter to the *Evening News.*

And we can remember quite clearly the good old days when masochism was a minority sport!

PARIS

MY PARIS

If you've ever suffered the fury of a mysterious itch and known the sweet freedom when it's gone—this is for you. The tiny tragi-comedy gets explored well under the microscope—in a way to re-tickle your ribs! by **Wolf Mankowitz**

I HAD BEEN WITH MY MISTRESS NOW FOR several days, and though the nights had been full of temptation—for a flea finds it difficult to resist a really full-blooded man—I was growing attached to this simple, hard-working girl who had picked me up in a dockside cafe. I won't pretend that I never tilted a little at the clients, for the unknown is as exotically attractive to a flea as to anyone else. But always before the first light of dawn I hopped back and was glad to return to the familiar perfume on the skin which I was prepared to call home.

But that night was tragic for both myself and my mistress. The port had swarmed with English sailors and, lacking all refinement, they had drunk cognac, red wine, pastis in large quantities—very often from the bottle direct. Although it took my mistress a little while to get used to this lack of *politesse*, she rallied with the brightness and typical adaptability of a Frenchwoman. Furthermore, all these sailors were very extravagant and tall and fair. Though I tend to be short-sighted it seemed to me that our special friend was especially large. And certainly he was extravagant, so that with the greatest care in the world my mistress still drank rather too much. Thus it was that pleasure obstructed the course of business, and I found myself forced to spend the entire night in the company of a sailor who made up for his lack of French by an enthusiasm which caused us to forget the dozen or so clients we were losing.

I, too, yielded to the intoxication of the night. The blood of my mistress bubbled like champagne. A few nips and I seemed to be alone in a vast cavern surrounded by a tumultuous sound and movement. Then I was stumbling through hair so thick as to exasperate me in spite of the joviality of my mood. I bit and bit again. And then, just as I was beginning to feel the warmth run through my body like a tidal wave, I collapsed unconscious.

Alas, when I came to my senses I was not greeted by the scent of my mistress. That great sailor had carried me off, and was now, unaware of my presence and delicate state, dowsing his head with cold water. A drop

fell perilously near splashing my legs, and I hopped as fast as I could to safety. In a lining of his trousers I sat down and, in my weakened state, wept. Not only had I lost a beloved friend, but I had lost my country—and lost them both for a harsh, bellowing language, for coarse laughter, and a diet so thick and rich that already with my breakfast but a few minutes behind me, my stomach ached and my palate recoiled.

But life must go on. Misfortune cannot be allowed to swamp the gaiety of temperament which has always enabled *la France* to triumph over her victors. I could not talk to the other fleas in the neighbourhood, and for their part, they maintained a reserved silence which was not, I felt, unmixed with contempt. But I reflected that they and their ancestors had lived and died in that same place, and that their complacency was as inevitable as their lack of sophisticated manners. Apart from any other consideration, surely the monotony of the English diet must sooner or later dull northern sensibilities. And, furthermore, I was already beginning to feel the cold.

I did not give up hope of finding a congenial resting place somewhere on shipboard, and I was very much more active than the moribund native fleas could understand. They settled in one little place and were satisfied to remain there. But I tried every class of neighbourhood, and I suppose that at least I became used to the diet. But if my tastes became blunted by necessity, my spirit was ever unrequited. I pined for what I could not hope to recover, and though I distracted myself by prosecuting the hunt for food with vicious and never-failing subtlety, my off moments were miserable with the thought of an existence and an unmourned death in some far-off alien place.

A patriot is never the best of travellers, so that my impressions of England should not be taken as representative of a more professional class of voyager. But there is surely something morbid in the English insistence on baths. Wherever I travelled I had often and often to save myself by a perilously high jump when it became clear to my ever-incredulous mind that my client was about to entirely immerse himself in cold water. It is not an exaggeration for me to say that my life was haunted by the fear of drowning. On the other hand I must agree that from the point of view of a flea, the English have admirable nocturnal habits. Their regularity can be relied upon, and once asleep they are completely static until a bell rings in the morning. And yet in spite of the warmth of the high-grade English blankets, and the endless expanses of carefully-nourished flesh, I was losing weight. I grew listless and dull, as regular in my way of life as the English themselves. Where was the old *verve*, the old delight, the gaiety? Paris, my Paris, I often sighed, how do I live apart from you? And yet, miserable insect, I lived on—if life can be identified with the monotonous routine of eating Englishmen. The spiritless creatures never even hunted me with that nervous abandon which occasionally seizes the Frenchman. Instead they offended their professed standards and tried to murder me with sprays and powders. It is my opinion that the English talk of sport is merely another weapon in their diplomatic armoury. How different had Elba never been!

I had quickly passed out of marine circles on my arrival in England, but wherever I lived it was the same. Eventually I settled down to stay with a gentleman who lived in a very warm flat. I had picked him up one evening in the Metro where I had spent a busy and tiring day. I was delighted to find that his home was shared by several others, servants, children, a wife of course, and an elderly lady. Obsessionally hygienic in their habits, I was by now equal to the difficulties of survival in England. I spent my days in the kitchen, and my nights with the various members of the family. They being too well-brought up to report an odd flea-bite or so, my existence passed unrecognised. But I was bored—so bored that I often screamed. But no human ever hears a flea scream.

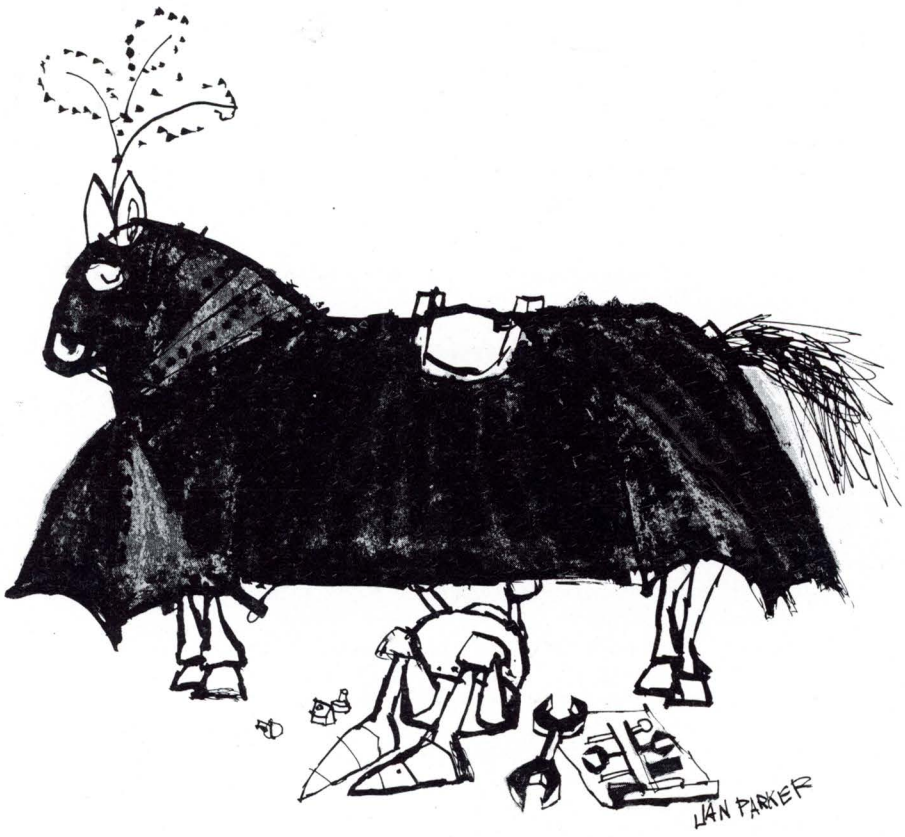
I decided that come what may I would stow away on board my patron and get some fresh air, a change of scene, perhaps another home. The effervescent Gallic spirit longed to break away from the English chains. I entered my host's jacket in the early morning, and passed out of the house into the foggy London air.

The morning passed quietly with few words wasted. My host sat at his desk writing and adding up in the dullest of ways, and after a quick nip at a young office boy who came in with some papers, I hopped back to my master's coat and went to sleep. I peeped out to watch him lunch stolidly and without interest, lifting the food to his mouth and reading a newspaper. I languished for the odour of garlic and wine, but my nostalgia was by now so frequent an experience as to hardly trouble me. The office again in the afternoon. A cup of tea, doubtless, a rich tea biscuit. The Metro. Home. A dinner like lunch. But that afternoon my life was to change yet again.

"I am going to see old Stobblart." I think that is what my master said, though English names are very difficult to understand. We walked out of the office slowly, and slowly round the corner. Then, with remarkable extravagance, we hailed a taxi. Once inside I noticed that my host was sweating slightly, a tendency most out of character.

We left the taxi and began to walk slowly down a narrow almost Bohemian street. Wine, I smelt. Garlic. I wrinkled my nostrils with pleasure. Then my host hesitated. Then I sniffed deeply. "*Sacre blue*", I thought, "that is a French perfume."

Now from my new home I would like to salute the quality of English—that in spite of their Englishness they can relish the best of France. My mistress is as French as the Eiffel Tower. Her perfume is the very same as that for which I languished these many days. Her voice, her language. It is enough. It is not Paris. But at least I am an exile no longer. I am a French colonial. Once again, I am a citizen.



laura del rivo
colin wilson
alex trocchi
alan sillitoe
stuart holroyd
bill hopkins

SYMPOSIUM

Six of the outstanding young writers of our time debate the changing British moral climate, and whether or not it amounts to what transatlantic observers describe as a 'sexual revolution'. The questions discussed by our panel—censorship; pornography; obscenity; libel—are crucial topics directly bearing on the collision between free speech and the Law.

Each month PENTHOUSE *will bring together a number of articulate people to discuss the problems that are affecting our public and private lives with incalculable consequences.*

SYMPOSIUM

THE PENTHOUSE PANEL:
Laura del Rivo: wrote *The Furnished Room*, a novel hailed as a major contribution to contemporary thought or condemned as "brutal realism". Her second novel, provisionally titled *The Old Man's Dead*, will be with us this year.
Alex Trocchi: author of *Cain's Book*, the book seized by the police and banned as 'obscene' by Lord Parker, the Lord Chief Justice, last December. Propagandist and revolutionist.
Colin Wilson: author of *The Outsider*, *Ritual in the Dark*, etc. Existentialist, phenomenologist, philosopher and social analyst.
Alan Sillitoe: author of *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*, etc. Literary firebrand and social critic.
Stuart Holroyd: author of *Emergence From Chaos*, *Flight and Pursuit*. Social commentator and philosopher.
Bill Hopkins: author of *The Divine and The Decay*, *Someone for the Night*, etc., and Editorial Director of PENTHOUSE.

PENTHOUSE: PEOPLE TALK OF THE NEW unfreezing of public moral attitudes. Do you think there is any unfreezing? And if so, does it offer a new outlook for novelists today?
DEL RIVO: Yes, and I'm all for it. Everyone should have the freedom to write about sex in whatever way he wants. Sex, though, is only a small—if vital—part of contemporary literature's search for honesty. One expects that those who write with honesty about sex will be equally honest about everything else.
HOLROYD: One has to be very wary about this, especially when it's so easy to make a mistake. For instance, a foreigner in Britain seeing our lurid paperback covers could easily think the British had turned into sex maniacs overnight. But in fact things haven't changed that much, as we could tell him. Certainly not so radically one could justifiably talk about a "sexual revolution", anyhow. The truth, I think, is that a few articulate intellectuals have created the belief that this moral "unfreezing" has gone much further than it has.
WILSON: No. Things are changing quite a bit. But it's all limited to certain areas and countries one might describe as sexually backward; such as the United States. What we're getting over here is a bit of the backwash. When I was on lecture tour over there in 1962, I was struck by the innocence and endless curiosity of the Americans in all matters relating to sex. It comes out in many ways . . . sex books, magazines, photographs . . . that sort of thing. There's still a terrific amount of puritanism to be overcome in the United States, as there is in the Soviet Union. And there's still a bit in Britain, too.
SILLITOE: Well, I agree with Holroyd. I don't think there is any unfreezing, although I think it's made to seem as if there is. Anyhow, it's not very pronounced, and that probably only in literature.
TROCCHI: The facts are there, all right. In the past, there definitely wasn't the freedom to print four-letter words that there is today. I think there's a much broader-minded audience nowadays. There are more literate people, and more people who are ready to take a jump forward. There's no doubt that there must be a change—and we're having it. The question is, can we get it moving faster? Today, it's almost essential to be obscene if you want to be pure. This is one of the ways in which revolt has to be expressed.
HOPKINS: It's not a path I'd take, or only very reluctantly in an extreme character. The trouble is, the public isn't receptive to that sort of thing just yet, and a small sprinkling of obscenity from one character could alienate readership from a whole book. But, as you say, there are other ways to be revolting! Seriously, I'm pretty sure that we're just entering the first phase of a remarkable change where morality is concerned. We're differing here because one rarely sees anything in its entirety until it's an accomplished fact.
PENTHOUSE: Most of you have written books that 50 years ago would have been considered grossly immoral and banned. Yet two of you, Stuart Holroyd and Alan Sillitoe, deny any real change in the moral climate, and Colin Wilson says it's all happening outside Britain. Could you three elaborate on your views?
HOLROYD: I don't say that there's been no change—only that the extent of the change has been exaggerated by people who have a vested interest in it. The kind who go along with the liberal intellectuals in imagining sexual liberty is part of progress.
☐Oh, there's greater freedom in the novel, the theatre and the cinema, all right. We can all cite cases like *Irma la Douce*, the story of a prostitute happily dedicated to her work, being turned into a film and going on general distribution.
☐It proved to be a great success, of course. But that doesn't mean that there's any relationship between Art and Life. I'd say the success she enjoyed commercially only goes to prove the essential respectability—or unchangeability—of the British public.
☐Besides, there's not much use looking for women like Irma up North, in places like Leeds or Bradford, where I was born and brought up—or in marriage, either. The few that exist don't appear in the provinces (or anyhow, don't stay long enough to be seen). In fact, with all this talk in the air of sexual revolutions, the reality is that most people just hear it as words; it hasn't any basis in their own lives, or much relevance, come to that.
☐I can't imagine any sweeping changes in the future, either. After all, when you speak of change one has to remember that what tires a certain sophisticated minority in London, doesn't tire the great majority living outside.
☐Take Noël Coward. You in London lampoon him mercilessly as a spent force;

Alex Trocchi

Stuart Holroyd

Colin Wilson

Laura del Rivo

Alan Sillitoe

Bill Hopkins

someone who continually plagiarises his earlier work to make ends meet. But in the Provinces the great majority disagree. His plays draw full audiences everywhere, especially up North. More than that, most "smart people" in the North speak what can only be described as "Cowardese", especially the women. They honestly think that smartness and sophistication means speaking and acting like Coward characters and nothing will persuade them that the time for it is past. And while they speak Cowardese and invite Cowardesque friends to their parties, they're quite right, of course; no-one in his right mind can say Mr. Coward is dead.

☐And if you're going to talk about sexual frankness being an encouraging sign of new times, Mr. Coward's faithful armies might offer other embarrassing facts. *The Vortex*, for instance, with its dual themes of promiscuity and drugs, the first play he put on in the late 'Twenties, is as powerful as any kitchen sink play being put on today. But did that change the moral climate? Not a bit!

SILLITOE: All right, we've been given a little more freedom in writing. But we don't have much; just a little bit. And maybe we're eating our way through it, trying to get through somewhere. One's language is controlled by the fact that you can't use certain words, or at least you *can* use them, but you're being inhibited . . . that is, you can only use them in an artificial way. Instead of throwing them down and going through with seven-league boots on (which is like not going through at all because no-one follows you) you go through slowly and eat your way into it, taking everybody. But this takes time because it's very slow. Painfully slow!

☐It's a pity, because I think every writer has in him a novel that's pornographic, anarchistic—even destructive. I always think I'd like to write one like that. It's always something at the back of my mind that I can never do . . . the sort of book that one writes at 65, or never. And the chances are, it *is* never!

☐I'd say the only possible advance is that more people are reading novels than ever before. But when you think that two million individuals have bought *Lady Chatterley's Lover* there's a good chance that about three-quarters of a million people have actually read it through completely, which is good; and maybe half-a-million, or two hundred thousand may have understood it, which is fabulous!

☐This possibility of millions reading an author is quite new, and it's solely due to the advent of paperbacks. Something that's completely revolutionised the importance of writers and serious literature as a whole. Sixty or 70 years ago it would be unheard of for a young author to sell over a million copies of his book, as I have with *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*. John Braine can say the same for *Room at the Top* in Penguins, and Colin Wilson not far short of that with his *Ritual In The Dark* and *The Outsider* in Pan Books.

☐But I really do chuckle when a good book sells on this scale, because it breaks through a hell of a lot of barriers in English puritanism. There's often a sort of delayed-action detonation to some of these books that's even more amusing because it takes so long for the obvious to become evident. In the case of *Lady Chatterley* it was months after the prosecution proceedings that a certain professor discovered the clear references to sodomy in the book and quoted passages in an amazed way in some magazine!

☐It was something that had been completely missed during the trial, and may have resulted in a different verdict. It only goes to show how little these puritans understand, when it comes down to it. Their sexual knowledge seems to be almost nil.

WILSON: But there's still no comparison between here and other countries like the United States and the Soviet Union. We've relatively few grounds for complaint nowadays. We still haven't got a completely free mandate to write on sex as we want, but we're well on the way. Publishers today are much more courageous than they were even six or seven years ago, and one can see the changes happening almost year by year. This reflects exactly what is happening in Britain, too. We are all getting much more adult about sex than we used to be.

☐But that's not so elsewhere. In the States, for instance, girls don't in the least take it for granted that they'll slip into bed with their boy-friends. Consequently it's still a subject of awed Victorian interest with them: and the same with the men. It's quite different in Sweden, where you don't get these literary excursions into sex on such an adolescent level, simply because sex is taken so much for granted. I mean, a *Lolita* is published in Sweden without anyone raising an eyebrow, sells about ten thousand copies quite quietly, and that's the lot. But in the States, it's been a best-seller for years.

☐In England, it's noticeable that books with an accent on sex, such as Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* do quite well, but by no means fabulously well.

☐For example, a book with a million sale in the States would have a fifty thousand sale here, and that would be considered excellent. It's largely because sex in Britain, where writing is concerned anyway, is a well-reconnoitred terrain: we don't look on it with wide-eyed wonder and expect it to provide the basis for adult novels. And because the Americans do, they're evolving a peculiar literary concept on sex which produces novels that fall half-way between pornography and schoolboy titillation. What other nation produces such books as *Forever Amber*, *Peyton Place* and *The Carpetbaggers*? In Britain, where sex is concerned, we expect an advance on Lawrencian mysticism or some vision matching it in seriousness. Which is the difference between the two shores of the Atlantic on this subject.

PENTHOUSE: So you're closer to agreeing with Hopkins, Trocchi and Miss Del Rivo that there is a definite change in moral attitudes over here, than with Holroyd and Sillitoe?

WILSON: Yes; I'm not quite so pessimistic about it as Stuart or Alan. But I think these changes have already happened quite naturally, and more than most people have noticed.

HOPKINS: You know, it's not a new fight by any means. Shaw, Wells, and many others were fighting for sexual enlightenment quite vigorously at the start of the century. Today, the question is really whether or not we contain ourselves to skirting certain points in order not to alienate the susceptibilities of readers too much. Very much as bullfighters play the bull; simply to keep it charging.

PENTHOUSE: The art of not going too far too quickly, you mean?

HOPKINS: Let's say keeping reasonably this side of obscenity.

DEL RIVO: I'm quite optimistic because I think this age could very well mean the birth of the great sexual novel. One can imagine some young writer being encouraged and thinking he wants to write completely about some sexual relationship—and let's agree that that's never been done—or about a love affair, and now he's able to do it. After all, it's a very important part of life, isn't it? For

SYMPOSIUM

some people it's the only bridge between their inner life and the world outside, and in some cases it's the only time the two meet. But I'm talking about love rather than sex, obviously.

TROCCHI: But why have any restrictions at all? Obscenity is just in the mind because words, in themselves, are just words and morally quite neutral. I'm rather bored by all this accent on obscenity, and I don't think it's important one way or the other. It's important, yes, that you should use the obscene word if it's the right word, or use the obscene situation if the obscene situation gives the appropriate correlative. One shouldn't be hung up at all either for or against sexual morality.

☐Really, I don't think anything one reads at the age of 15 or after is going to have any effect on one's general sexual character. And we take this for granted in everything but our laws. The Law, of course, is reactionary and always has been; but the naïvety of our laws in relation to obscenity is particularly ridiculous. Rather like old tribal taboos, and no more enlightened!

☐Many people regard my writings as being particularly immoral, even for this age, but I see myself as a moralist, in the sense that every serious artist is a moralist. And whatever age I'd been born in, I'd still be concerned about trying to broaden the bases of human experience to the furthest reaches of the mind—although perhaps I wouldn't be doing it in this twentieth-century way.

PENTHOUSE: Whatever we think of the moral changes in Britain, real or otherwise, doesn't censorship still tend to be a difficult problem?

HOLROYD: The fact that *Lady Chatterley's Lover* got published was a great help to all authors, I think: it was a turning point of its sort. The outcome of the case relieved the minds of a great many writers who were working, before that, with a terribly real fear of court actions.

PENTHOUSE: Have your publishers ever asked you to change or modify anything in your books with an eye to that danger?

HOLROYD: No; but then I've never depended on things like obscenities or detailed sexual descriptions in my work. Nevertheless, the question of censorship affects me as much as writers who do. That's half the trouble; everyone is affected simply because no-one is safe from this sort of action. As things stand just now, one never knows where one is with the Law. It's all so ambiguous, not even experts can predict which way a verdict will go . . . and, of course, the verdicts change from one court to another.

☐But if I thought there was any danger of a recurrence of enigmatic court actions like "obscene libel", I should definitely say: "All right, give us censorship as they have it on the stage!"

☐Of course, that's where the playwright today has a distinct advantage over the novelist, strange as it seems. Although he's irked by official censorship, he knows that when his play is past the Lord Chamberlain he's in no danger of official action—something ordinary writers never know.

☐I don't know what on earth some judge or jury is going to decide is obscene. The definitions seem to be changing continually. No—I think if you're going to have a law on obscenity, the honest thing would be to define the terms clearly and straightforwardly, not waive or stretch the meaning from one person to another.

☐Open censorship at least would bring these people out in the open, where they'd be far less dangerous than they are at the moment. As things stand, the threat of prosecution is hidden but always there, so all we can say is: "All right! If you're going to send us to prison, fine us, ruin us for life, suppress our books—good enough! You've got the power and we haven't. But don't claim that you believe in the freedom of speech, too!"

WILSON: I think that when a writer wants to write seriously about sex he should be allowed to say exactly what he likes, without fear of censorship. Seriousness should be the only criterion. A little commonsense is needed, too. There's no denying that the present freedom of discussion may be causing some public moral damage behind the publicised good side of it. I don't think there's any harm in publishing a book like *Lady Chatterley*, but some of the novels that benefit by this freedom are just bad literature. I think that the work of William Burroughs, *The Naked Lunch*, for example, can't be taken very seriously. It has a certain literary brilliance, but its sadistic fantasies are so nasty that I don't see any great advantage in publishing it in England. The same obviously applies to the Marquis de Sade himself. Henry Miller is a borderline case—his two *Tropics* just scrape into the literature category, while a book like *Sexus* seems to me to be written quite frankly to sell to American tourists in Paris.

☐In the same way, I think the judges were right to prevent the unexpurgated version of *Fanny Hill* from being published in paperback. A fairly expensive hard-cover edition is a different thing—but to me the book has no serious intention at all. I don't in the least object to the presence of "filth" in a book; I only object to the *absence* of any serious intention, which can excuse everything.

DEL RIVO: I'd be all for banning badly-written books. That's a censorship I'd like to see. For instance, all the pornographic trash magazines that aren't anything at all like life. Those illustrated magazines with lurid covers that show, let's say, a drawing of a half-naked girl in the jungle in a torn bikini and knee boots with a whip, or something. The sort of creature that isn't flesh-and-blood and doesn't even look like a woman: closer, really, to a man in "drag". The breasts aren't flesh but hard and over-pointed like falsies; and the whole thing is grotesque; some sort of a perverted dream. These sort of things are jarring and bad. As false, actually, as *Woman's Own*, its opposite extreme. *Woman's Own* doesn't present real women, and nor do these pornographic magazines. Neither extreme is real or honest: they're just bad.

SILLITOE: The worst sort of censorship in Britain is really carried out by reviewers. One can always get a book published, even with a shaky theme, but then the reviewers will kill it. Not by pre-arrangement, but simply because each mind thinks alike they can be relied upon to point out certain things that will stop the public buying a book. Unfortunately, the public's opinions are very much formed by such reviews. I did a little reviewing once but it's something I'll never do again—unless, possibly, it's to praise a valuable book that's being grossly neglected.

HOPKINS: I think everyone's suffered from this, and I'm always surprised the public hasn't seen through the confidence trick of omniscience that seems to be the stock-in-trade of these people. When *The Divine and The Decay* came out, it attracted particularly violent attacks.

☐But, actually, I was attempting something particularly difficult in that novel; what amounted to a creative *tour de force*. Recognising the failures of the novel form, I wrote a novel of ideas that springboarded from the rational to the irrational and contradicted everything being created in literature at that time. And because it was obviously nothing like the ordinary run of novels, it was judged

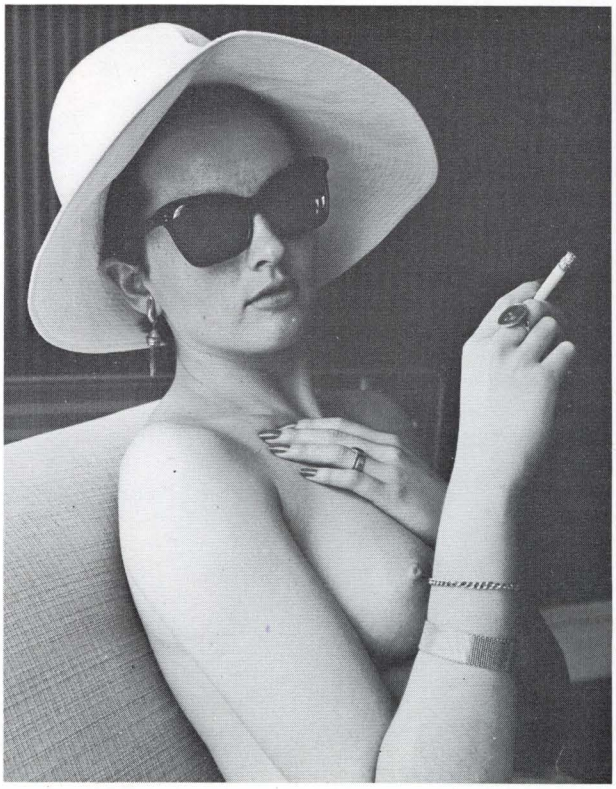
(*continued on page* 68)

thérésa

Compliments of Spain - Thérésa. Our feminine package of New Year cheer is a delectable demonstration that Madrid is a city rich in natural resources. Finance ministers apart, how can we encourage Franco to step up his export drive? We're buying heavily!

Hearing that we were looking for models, the beauteous emerald-eyed fille we present on these pages turned up at our office the other day and introduced herself as 23-year-old Thérésa Maria Quintella de Santiago. Intrigued by her aristocratic name, we elicited the information that she is a member of an old landed family with a seat just outside Madrid granted by the last of the Bourbon roisterers.

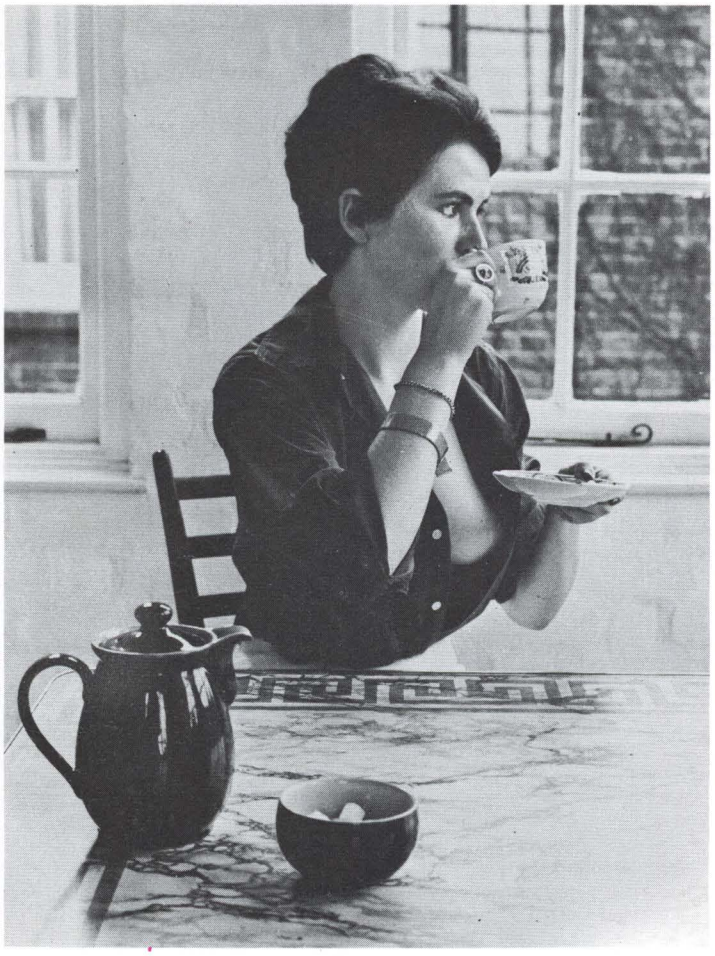
□But our intoxicating visitant dismissed family history with an expressive gesture



of indifference. "It is nothing to do with me, that," she said. "The de Santiagos mean nothing now. They are the past. It is only me that is the present!"

□Despite her air of gravity and hereditary dignity, we found she was just as much a rebel in other directions, too. Also well-informed. Her more than feminine statistics (36-24-37) were sufficiently distracting to land us several times in losing arguments on the state of the French Theatre ("Anouilh is effete, too dreamy: Artaud now, he is different"); Spanish politics ("In England you think Franco is so autocratic, but you don't know. To us, he's the great figure of a Father!"); and even aviation, where she unfavourably compared the Comet to the Caravelle, and the Mystère was flourished triumphantly over our Hunter.

□When she explained she was studying for an advanced teacher's course at the Sorbonne, we weren't in the least surprised—



thérésa

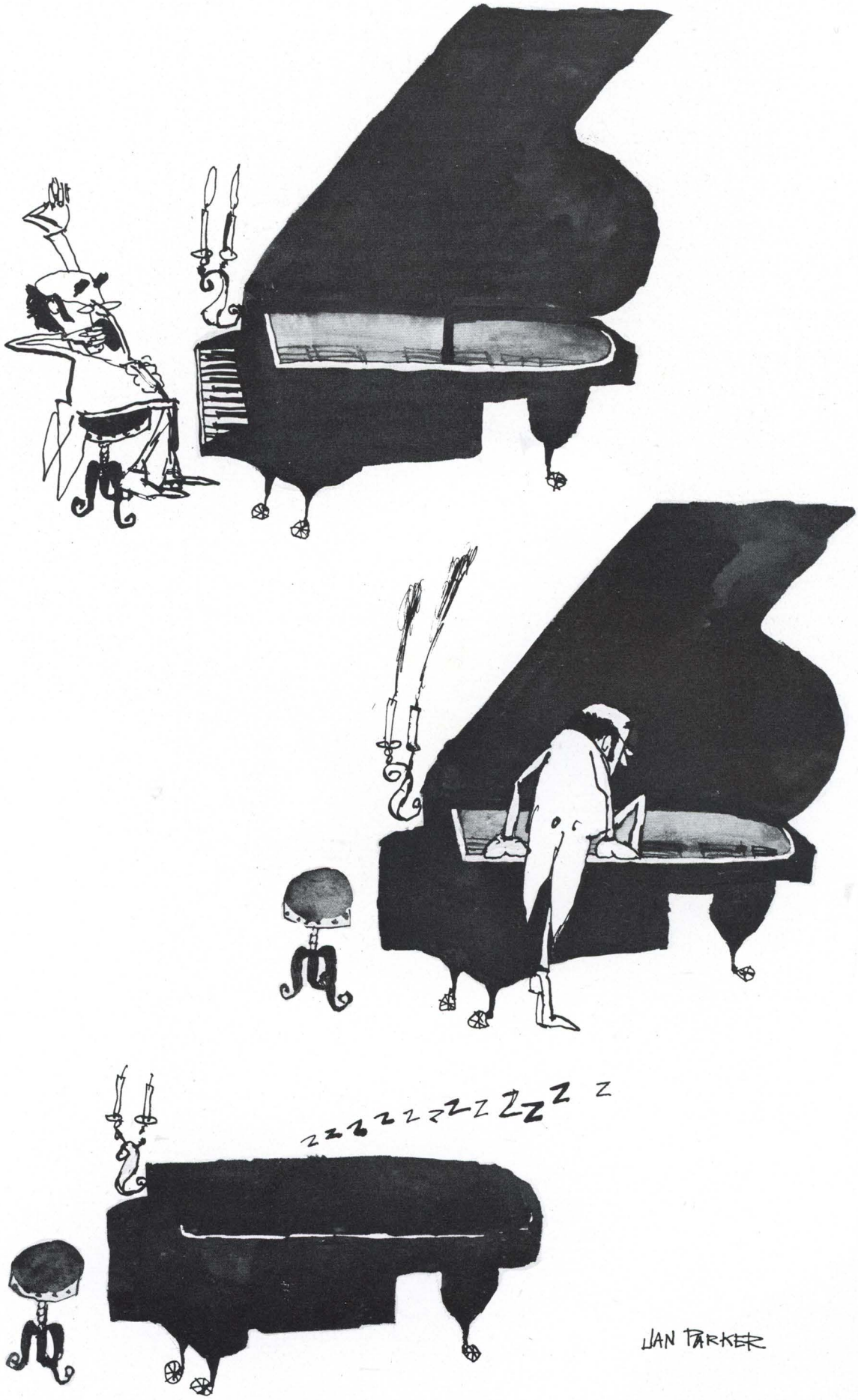
just glad we had got off so lightly. It seemed Thérésa had heard much about our English Christmas, and wanted to investigate our particular form of madness for herself. But our knowledgeable Miss got here a month too late!

□"It's nothing like Spain!" she said. "We give our presents on January sixth, and they are always given in the name of the—how do you say?—Yes, the Three Wise Men. We don't have a Santa Claus, like you: our children grow up believing in the Three Wise Men instead. Christmas Day is quiet; nobody going out. Just the religious observance."

□Sounds too peaceful for us,

we said, unslinging our cameras. But the idea of a future peaceful Christmas in Madrid with Theresa was a pleasant one to work on.

□So after a delightful day of shooting off our film at the delectable morsel that had crossed our path, we drove her to London Airport and put her on the night plane to Paris. And, incidentally, now we know why the Spanish produce artists like Goya, Velasquez and Zurbarán in abundance. With the choice of such femininity under their studio windows, how could they fail!


zzzzzzzzzzzzz
JAN PARKER

NO MATTER HOW YOU SLICE IT

by GERALD KERSH

IN A NEUTRAL ZONE, HIGH ABOVE THIS world, two angels met in the small hours of a certain dawn, each on his separate way home. One of them glowed in this lightless place with a radiance independent of atoms; the other was somehow darker than no light at all. Thus, they would be completely invisible to the human eye. The dark one was what we would call a Demon, and the other an Angel—poor words, but better than mathematical formulae.

The Angel said, very civilly, "Good morning to you. Out paths cross, I see. You must be one of Luzbel's children, I presume? I have not seen you before, so you must be pretty fresh at this game."

The Demon replied, "How d'you do? I didn't quite catch your name. . . ."

"I haven't got one," said the Angel. "I am a tiny particle of the Divine Will—the same as you."

The Demon said, "You may speak for yourself. I serve Satan."

"And what do you think he is?" asked the Angel, smiling.

"I am not here to argue metaphysics," said the Demon. "To answer your surmise—no, I'm not as green as you think, but this is my first important assignment, down there." He pointed to our planet. "In the city beside the lake."

"Oh," said the Angel, gravely, "they're all important, you know. And while some may seem easy to the likes of you, I think you'll find you have a pretty rough row to hoe, as they say."

"Come, come," said the Demon, with a knowing smile. "Most of them are ours already, and some aren't even worth our troubling with!"

"Such as?" the Angel asked.

"For example, there is the man they call Frankie the Hog . . . what's the joke?"

"Frankie the Hog? I had a chat with him in his sleep just now. Frankie *is* rather naughty."

"Rather naughty? Irredeemably damned, sir!" cried the Demon. "Now I have been at the ear of—"

"—Mr. Francis Bacon, of Mayhew Heights," said the Angel.

The Demon said, "You could have guessed that, of course, because Francis Bacon is one of the finest men in that city, just as Frankie the Hog is one of the very worst."

"Best? Worst? Hm!"

The Demon went on, "Frankie the Hog, I repeat, is ours already. And I'll bag your fine, upstanding, virtuous Francis Bacon, body and soul, I will! I wish we could bet on it."

The Angel said, "But we can't, you know. It would be like a solitary man idly throwing dice, left hand against right hand. He can't win, he can't lose."

"You talk as if you and I were parts of the same body," said the Demon, laughing.

"Do I? . . . Again, a man who is vain of his muscles may fight with himself, left hand against right. He can't defeat himself, or be defeated by himself. Still, the exercise does strengthen his body a little, for what that's worth. . . . No, we can't bet. But we might have a little educational exercise, my poor Rebellious Particle."

"I wish," the Demon said, "I do wish we could put Frankie the Hog's soul into Francis Bacon's body, and vice versa—they're still asleep—"

"Then you'd see some fun, eh?" said the Angel, smiling. "Well, we can't. Man's will must be free."

The Demon said, "And his instincts?"

"Man is given free will in order that we may see what he makes of his instincts," said the Angel.

"We might give free rein to the instincts of Frankie the Hog and Mr. Francis Bacon just for one day?" the Demon suggested.

"That is permissible, provided the instincts themselves are not tampered with," the Angel said. "Is it a challenge?"

"It is!" cried the Demon. "But you mustn't interfere, no matter what, you know. No butting in with admonitions, et cetera, once the game's started. You keep strictly to one side."

"So must you."

"Agreed!"

"Then the game is on!" cried the Angel. The Demon grinned with glee, for he knew a thing or two about the secret mind of Mr. Francis Bacon, and to purge it of its civilised inhibitions had been the very purpose of that "first important assignment" to which he had referred.

"I'll have 'em both in Hell in twenty-four hours!" he cried.

The Angel said, "Hell? Oh, that. Everybody has to go through Hell. I've been there myself. It's part of a process of refinement. The only permanent residents in Hell are you poor devils—and even your tenure is insecure, at that."

The Demon replied, "I don't understand you. Here comes the Earth's dawn. Let's go!"

And without loss, or even lapse, of time, they were back in the bitter, winter-numbed, wicked, smoky city on the lake. . . .

When Francis Bacon was a boy on his father's farm, he had thought it no great hardship to rise at half-past four of a winter's morning. He did not complain if some emergency called him out of bed even earlier—it wouldn't have done him any good if he had. But now, over fifty years old, a city man, and prosperous, he let himself sleep until six, when he got up very quietly for fear of disturbing his wife, who was generally suffering from whatever complaint had recently been made modish by the editors of *The Invalid's Digest*.

It was Francis Bacon's unalterable habit to say an impromptu morning prayer in his dressing-room—whatever came into his mind, somewhat in the Quaker style—and then to make a leisurely toilet. Dressed sprucely, he would make his wife her "first breakfast" of caffeine-free coffee, dietic fruit-juice, and gluten toast, which he carried to her bedside at seven-thirty. They would discuss her ailments until eight o'clock when, his own breakfast being ready in the dining-room, he always kissed her good-bye for the day, and went down.

But this morning, awakening at his usual time, Mr. Bacon was aware of a most unfamiliar exhilaration of mood. He felt, so to speak, as if his spirit had, after a long, hot day, at last taken off a pair of tight shoes. In his dressing-room he stood for a while, head bowed, hands loosely clasped, waiting for a prayer to come. It came very readily, but in the form of an apostrophe. That part of him which now lay submerged in his consciousness was appalled to hear himself say:

"My name is Francis Bacon. I am only fifty-three years old, and fit as a fiddle, strong as a bull and full of vital appetites. All my life I have toiled like a donkey, denying myself the simplest luxuries, giving everything away. Why? I ask—*Why?*

"Because it was hammered into my head that I must honour my mean and merciless father and my cowardly and timorous mother, I had neither childhood nor young manhood. Celibate and teetotal for fear of my father's fist and my mother's tears, I worked. I became a chemist. I married a plain and stupid girl because she was an orphan and she said I reminded her of her father. I wanted to do research in my own field. But because she said she'd always dreamed of and prayed for a 'nice home' I went into Terwilliger-Frost's pill-rolling outfit, of which I am top Vice-President.

"What for?

"For a moping half-wit who turned into an idle, flabby, Martini-swilling, Canasta-playing purveyor of malevolent gossip? Oh, say it is not so! Yet half my money goes on her back, or down her throat. The other half I devote to Good Works. That is to say, I finance ambitious doctors, to keep alive in a starved and overcrowded world helpless people who pray for death. I 'reclaim' delinquent youth; my credulous psychologists send the crime rates soaring. I encourage learning. What does anybody want with learning? A degree, for a better chance to get into a Terwilliger-Frost. I stamp out crime; the bail-bonders get fat, judges are bought and sold, and the gangsters live in palaces.

"And what have I? Nothing but the contemptuous title of 'do-gooder', while the political fixers laugh in their sleeves at me—their three-thousand-dollar pure vicuna sleeves!

"Enough is enough, and I have had it."

The sensation he was experiencing—an odd compound of relief and shame—was curiously pleasant to Francis Bacon just then.

He bathed and dressed. Then he went to his wife's bedside. She was waiting for her first breakfast, being anxious to get back to her second sleep. Her eyes widened when she saw that he was not carrying her tray. He said nothing, but what he did was the more awful because his normally grave and gentle expression remained unchanged. Without haste, and with the meticulosity of the practised chemist, he unstoppered the ice-water pitcher, and poured its contents over his wife's head, saying, in his usual sonorous, thoughtful, friendly voice, "Try this for a change, you thoroughly spoiled creature."

Then he went out, slamming the door. Downstairs, Ada, the old cook-housekeeper, said, "Now, come and eat your breakfast like a good boy."

Francis Bacon replied, "Ada, if you don't cut out that mock-motherly business, I'll kick you out of the house." As she stood, too shocked to speak, he went on, "Corned-beef hash and scrambled eggs again, I suppose?" She nodded; and then, in composed and considered tones, but using barnyard simile and cattle-breeder's terminology, he told her what he really thought about her cooking in general and her corned-beef hash in particular. Having said his say, he went to the cabinet, helped himself to a good half-tumbler of brandy, and walked out into the street.

There, as usual, a knot of familiar tramps and beggars were waiting to say good morning to him. "Bitter cold morning, Mr. Bacon, sir," said their shivering leader.

He replied, affably, "Fine! I sincerely hope you all freeze to death before nightfall. Kindly beat it!"

Arrived at the Terwilliger-Frost building, he went up to his floor, and stood gazing appreciatively at the receptionist, a beautiful brunette wearing a low-cut dress, as receptionists are sometimes permitted to do. She blushed.

"That is a very pretty dress you are wearing, Miss Filigree," he said.

Thank you, Mr. Bacon; I'm glad you like it," she replied.

He chucked her under the chin and said, "It wants a diamond brooch to set it off. I'll see you later, Miss Filigree."

Leaving her staring blank disbelief in the evidence of her own senses, he went into his private office. There he sat, chin on fist, evidently deep in thought, for his secretary had to cough before he noticed her. She said, "The treasurer of the Widows and Orphans Fund—"

"—May go and jump in the lake," said Francis Bacon, "and take his widows and orphans with him. I'm not on any account to be disturbed, Miss Greentea."

She crept away, aghast.

Francis Bacon was thinking of a scheme he had evolved, many months earlier, for the ensnaring of some of the chiefs among the racketeers in his city. This city was one of the centres of operation of a fantastic ring, or series of interlocked rings, of criminals, generically known as The Organisation. In other cities, no doubt, this could not happen; but in the city by the lake The Organisation, directly or indirectly, levied a tax on everything. You could not buy a newspaper without paying The Organisation some fraction of its price, and wherever a bottle of milk or a loaf of bread was sold The Organisation took its fee, if only in the form of insurance. This form of insurance did not guarantee the merchant compensation if something untoward happened to himself or his goods—it simply assured him that something would certainly happen if he didn't insure himself with The Organisation. Incredible as it may seem, this sinister force is supposed to have had some influence in the Labour Unions; and it was even whispered that The Organisation occasionally tampered with the world of sport.

But it was strongest where the goods in demand were in constant and urgent demand, or perishable. As far as The Organisation was concerned, nothing was imperishable. Nothing, and nobody. And the goods in most constant and urgent demand were narcotics.

Now for some time previous, an exceedingly gentlemanly person had approached Francis Bacon with a certain proposition. He put it somewhat as follows:

"It's a sad thing, Mr. Bacon, to be a drug-addict; yet such is the nature of many of us, that we must escape from ourselves for a while, or go mad. But wretched though the lot of the addict may be, the plight of that addict deprived of his poor consolation is something nightmarish. . . ." He went on to a description of withdrawal-symptoms, of nerve-pains, of bone-breaking convulsions, and managed to convey that the only humane thing to do was give the unhappy creatures their drugs and let them be. Then he indicated that a man in Bacon's position, director of laboratories in a great drug manufactory, could take what he wanted, and it would never be missed, provided it were taken little by little. In conclusion, he gave Francis Bacon a telephone number to commit to memory, and said that he would pay eight hundred thousand dollars for one kilo of unadulterated heroin.

Francis Bacon said he would think this over; and so he did, but not in the way the gentleman hoped he might. His intention was to let time lapse, and then, working with the co-operation of the Federal authorities, so arrange the matter that the drug-traffickers might be rounded up—in his city, at least. He said nothing of the matter, distrusting some of the local police; and it is fortunate that he kept quiet, for he was being watched. Twice, he received telephone calls—which he was wise enough not to try to trace—and an educated man's voice said, on both occasions, "The offer still holds, Mr. Bacon. So glad to find you discreet." Then the line went dead.

His was not a clever plan, and rather dangerous than otherwise; but he was a simple-hearted man, in many ways surprisingly unworldly. As for danger, he had never regarded it.

So, he had one kilo of pure heroin in his

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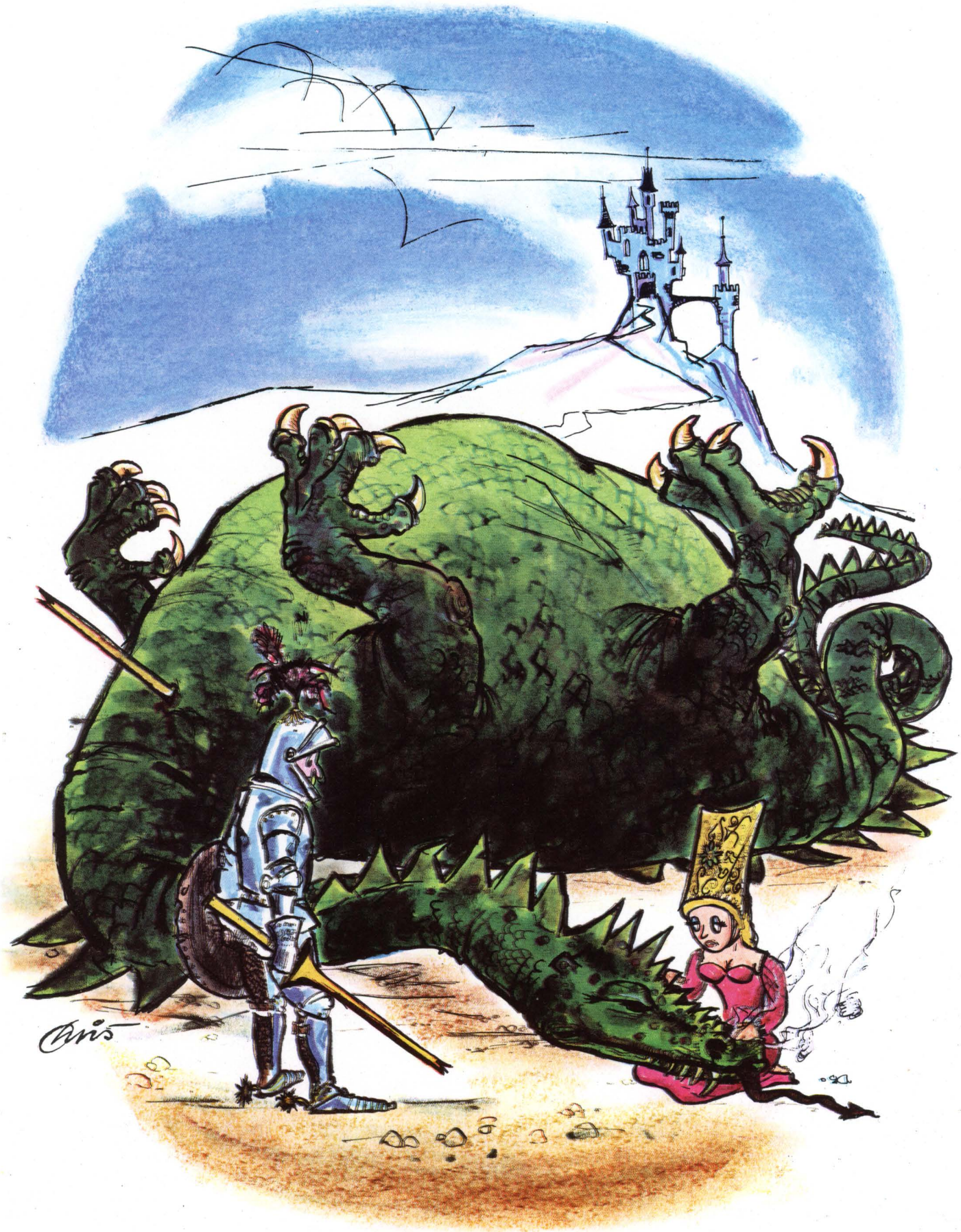


"Speak to me !"

THE HATE MECHANISM

SIR JULIAN HUXLEY

What is the riddle of human progress, decelerating Man's upward evolutionary thrust? Here, the Western World's most eminent evolutionary-humanist gives Science's diagnosis. It is one of his most controversial statements and, we think, one of his major utterances. It is also in the way of being his personal testament.

RACE HATRED IS A VERY UNPLEASANT DISEASE of the modern world. In recent years, race hatred between white and black has erupted into open violence in many parts of the globe, and, with black-brown and white-brown hatred added, is playing a considerable role in the policies of various African governments both white and black. It is gravely damaging the reputation of the South African Republic, and is tarnishing the national image not only of the United States but of the more leucophobic among emergent African countries. However, race-hatred is only one aspect of a much more general phenomenon—mass hatred involving nations, classes, churches, and other human groups which differ sharply from each other in habits, behaviour and outlook. Thus besides race-hatred the world can be afflicted with political hatred, class hatred, ideological hatred, and religious hatred. All these forms of mass hate are seriously retarding the world's progress towards some sort of unity; they foster violence and hamper all efforts at peaceful coexistence.

What can we do about human hatred? Clearly the first thing is to study hatred and try to understand it, as we try to understand any other phenomena, physical or human. And we must begin by enquiring into the nature of hate itself, and then proceed to a natural history of its manifestation.

What *is* hate? In terms of modern ethnological or behavioural science, hate is an emotionally charged state combining fear and hostility in varying proportions and at various intensities. It always results from a conflict situation in which the individual's desires are frustrated by a feared or resented individual or agency, so giving rise to hostility or aggression. It is never merely aggression: but it always involves an aggressive component, which may be permanently repressed, may find outlet in devious ways, or may burst out in open violence. Nor is it merely dislike, which has little or no aggressive component. We don't want to hit or kill the people we dislike, only to avoid them. We don't want to smash the pictures we dislike, unless our simple aversion becomes coupled with stronger psychological forces.

Individual hate normally originates in the child's violent frustration in discovering that he and his desires are impotent in face of maternal authority. But he also deeply loves his mother, and is dependent on her. The resultant conflict between hating and loving can only be rendered tolerable by repressing one of the two components of the conflict—normally but not invariably the hate and the hate-generated aggression—into the unconscious. But it still persists there, loading the child with a burden of uncomprehended guilt, and often expressing itself overtly in camouflaged forms.

In later life, our hates can develop in an immense variety of complicated ways. The intensity of hate will obviously vary with the seriousness of the situation which provokes it. But it will also vary with the genetic temperament of the individual. Some are born haters, some achieve hatred, and some have hatred thrust upon them. And of course hatred is not a separate entity, sharply distinct from other sentiments. It can be reinforced by envy or jealousy, blended with disgust or revulsion, modified by feelings of pride or guilt. Iago is the paragon of hatred. He is one of the born haters, and his hatred of Othello grows to appalling intensity.

Guilt feelings are of extraordinary importance: when repressed they can redirect hate by projecting it on to an unfortunate scapegoat; when unrepressed they can turn hatred inwards on our own selves. Such self-hatred is all too common. At its worst, in Walt Whitman's terrible words, it can generate "Hell under the skull-bones: Death under the breast-bone"; it can discharge aggression onto the self, leading to self-torment, neurotic breakdown and even suicide. Guilt-generated hatred may infect a man's whole being, so that he hates not only himself but God, not only his own existence but all existence. Stavrogin, the hero of Dostoievsky's *The Possessed*, is the supreme example of this universalised self-hatred.

Guilt-generated hatred may equally well be projected into a God. It is very comforting to be able to ascribe one's own hates and aggressions to a powerful and unerring Divinity. The Old Testament Jews crammed Jehovah full of their own hates so that he might obligingly smite the brutal or idolatrous enemy without, and the wicked individual within who did not conform to accepted beliefs and rituals. Such divinities may perhaps be called scapegods.

Individuals may also be the target for group or class hatred, as symbolising some threat to the group's security or aspirations. The Czar was well and truly hated in nineteenth-century Russia, and Franklin Roosevelt (though by a very different set of people) in twentieth-century America. But while hatred of the Czar led to the violent overthrow of Czardom, hatred of Roosevelt luckily did not lead to the overthrow of the New Deal.

I must not forget the apparently paradoxical love-hate relationship which is much commoner than either sentimentality or common-sense likes to believe. We find it at its most terrible in Catullus' lines on his mistress:

"I hate and love: how can this be, perhaps you ask?

"I know not; but I feel the fact, and suffer agony."

The hero of Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage* was caught in the same trap.

However, the love-hate situation is not really paradoxical at all. In some form or another it is inevitable, since love and hate of the same object gives rise to the primal conflict in the developing human creature. In man, the primal conflict may be resolved in favour of one or the other component, but not infrequently an active love-hate relation may persist indefinitely, as a tormenting ambivalent bond between parents and their children, sometimes more poisonous because the hate component is battened down under the hatches of repression.

But I must get back to mass hate. I will begin with religious hate, as it so well illustrates the importance of sharp differences between conflicting groups and ideas in generating hate.

Religious hate — *odium theologicum* — is proverbially violent because it is backed by Divine authority. It is often linked with power politics. Accordingly, religious difference can readily be made an excuse for the use of armed violence, as well as providing a popular driving force. The most obvious examples are the Wars of Religion between Catholics and Protestants, and the persecution of the Albigenses in the thirteenth century.

The *odium theologicum* can be so violent and indeed vicious, not only because national as well as individual beliefs can be involved, but because the believer's certitude of being virtuous and right, and therefore of his spiritual security and eternal salvation, is threatened by the rise of any rival belief. This threat to the certitude of being in the right is resisted by powerful and deep-seated emotions, which help the believer to rationalise the projection of his own aggression on to others and to justify the most violent and cruel actions. St. Bernard of Clairvaux was famous for his beautiful sermons on love; but he was also one of the most ruthless persecutors and the chief instigator of the Albigensian persecuting "crusade".

Theoretically, some reconciliation should be possible in all conflicts of certitude, even mass conflicts involving mass hatred, for the simple reason that certitudes which come into conflict, though they may be felt as absolute, can never be absolute in fact. They are always relative to the psychosocial environment, not only to its current political and social conflicts, but notably to the progress of thought and knowledge.

Thus religion and science will, I am sure, soon become reconciled in a comprehensive framework of ideas. This will come about partly because we are beginning to see that religions can be studied as natural phenomena, partly because the world recognises the importance of scientific knowledge, partly because people are beginning to understand that scientific knowledge is constantly growing and developing, so that scientific certitude is never absolute. Meanwhile, however, ideology has supplanted religion as a major cause of conflict and hatred in the world: the *odium theologicum* is now quite overshadowed by the *odium ideologicum*, whose certitudes can be equally total and uncompromising on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

In many primitive tribal societies, primal infantile hate is later inhibited, diverted or expressed through non-aggressive channels of tabu or ceremonial. But sometimes hate becomes institutionalised, and linked with basic tribal rituals concerned with revenge.

Under Hitler, a modern nation reverted to primitive tribalism, and institutionalised hate. But in this case the process was deliberate: to strengthen the Aryan myth, the Jews were set up as the non-Aryan enemy, a scapegoat on whom the frustration and repressed aggression of the Nazis could be directed in whipped-up hatred and officially encouraged persecution.

This deliberate whipping-up of mass hate against an opponent, whether an actual enemy or a scapegoat, is one of the most sinister features of our mass-communication age. It is the official policy of countries like Egypt and Indonesia, and regrettably of the largest country in the world—China—whose official hatred of the United States was revealed in the way they treated the news of the assassination of President Kennedy.

It is also the the official policy of a number of political parties and movements, including the fascists in Britain, and the John Birch Society and the Black Muslims in the U.S.A., besides a number of extremist African organisations.

And unofficial hatred can be fanned to dangerous heights and heats. The most obvious and perhaps the most shameful example, for it took place in a supposedly educated democracy, was McCarthyism, which for years paralysed education and indeed all liberal thinking in America, and blocked and distorted the processes of politics and of justice.

Whipped-up hate is a curiously unpredictable phenomenon. How was it possible for a single figure like McCarthy to infect the whole of the United States with the disease named after him? Why was it there was so much whipped-up British hate for the Germans—"the Huns"—in the First World War, so much less (and indeed less genuine hate, too) in the Second? Why does official hate propaganda sometimes defeat its own ends?

The most appalling fruits of mass hatred in recent times were the Indian massacres at the time of partition, in which well over half a million human beings lost their lives. Partition gave the opportunity for the suppressed hates generated by long-standing religious friction, combined with economic and social grievances (and of course with personal grievances too), to erupt into orgies of bloodshed and cruelty.

But today race, as well as ideology, have replaced religion as a major source of dangerous mass hatred. Race hatred can arise whenever two sharply distinguished racial groups live and work together, but with one occupying a markedly inferior position. The inferiority may be economic or political, social or psychological. Such a situation readily engenders fear on both sides—the dominant racial group fears the loss of its economic and other privileges and is always afraid of outbursts of violence by the subordinate group, which in turn goes in fear of the dominant group's power and dislike. It also obviously engenders anger and hostility. And the combination of the two emotions generates hate.

This hate may be largely suppressed, as we see from the past history of the South in the U.S.A. On the Negro side, for the most part it merely smouldered, though with occasional local violence: on the White side, though it did give birth to terroristic organisations like the Ku Klux Klan, conscious fear was largely banished by constant affirmations of inherent White superiority and benevolent paternalism, and by sedulously fostering the belief that Negroes were just big children. And the conflict was in some measure transcended in the friendly partnership between the races that was so often practised in fact, though this was always tacitly grounded in the idea of White superiority.

In Brazil, on the other hand, although millions of Negro slaves were imported, and there is a certain colour sentiment, there is no racial ideology, no institutionalised race conflict, plenty of mixed unions, and no sign of mass race-hatred.

Rather surprisingly, the same racial tolerance, though here primarily between White and Asian, exists in Hawaii.

It is worth while glancing at emergent Africa, where the Africans have moved or are attempting to escape from various degrees of under-privilege and subordination towards a position of political power and full human rights. In South Africa, with its dogmatic doctrine of white superiority—*baaskap*—and consequent denial of human rights, and even human decency, to the great majority of the population, the future seems to hold only explosive violence.

In Southern Rhodesia, with its considerable number of well-entrenched White settlers, and in the Portuguese colonies (which the Portuguese pretend are merely overseas provinces of Portugal), with their White *colons* and White vested interests, the situation is critical.

In the other British ex-colonies there is surprisingly little race feeling, and only sporadic anti-white discrimination. It is true that in most of these the number of resident Whites is negligible. But it is noteworthy that Nkrumah's violent threats against White "neo-colonialists" have been replaced by blandishments to White investors; and even in Kenya, where there was a powerful White settler minority, and where anti-white feeling erupted not so long ago in the horrors of Mau Mau, Europeans are now being encouraged to stay: quite recently, Pan-Africanists who objected to the provision that resident Europeans could become Kenyan citizens, were officially rebuked.

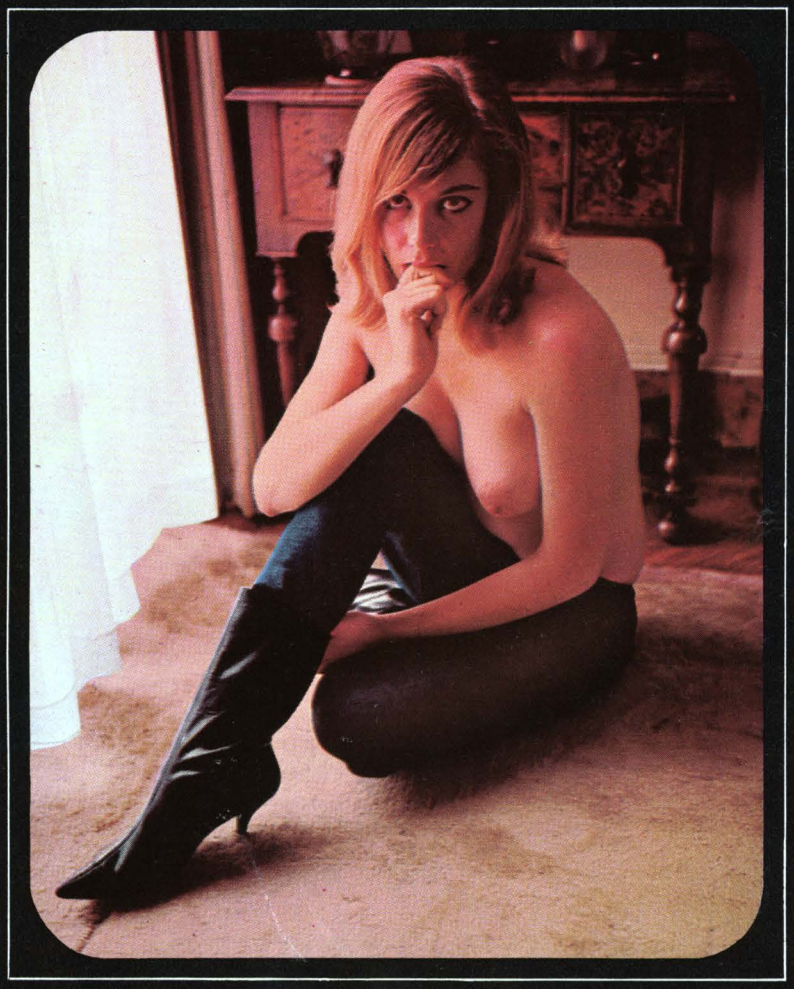
Such examples show that race hatred need not arise, and that even when it has arisen and has erupted into violence, it can sometimes be damped down and replaced by tolerance and active coexistence. Perhaps in the United States this could be developed through Negro and White children's participation in learning, in play, in each others' home life, spreading eventually to social participation by their parents.

Hatred there will always be among men, for it has a perennially renewed source in the primal conflict in the human baby's unformed but violent mind, with its welter of imprisoned emotions. Man's problem is how to reduce its amount and intensity, and how to prevent its aggressive component erupting into destructive violence.

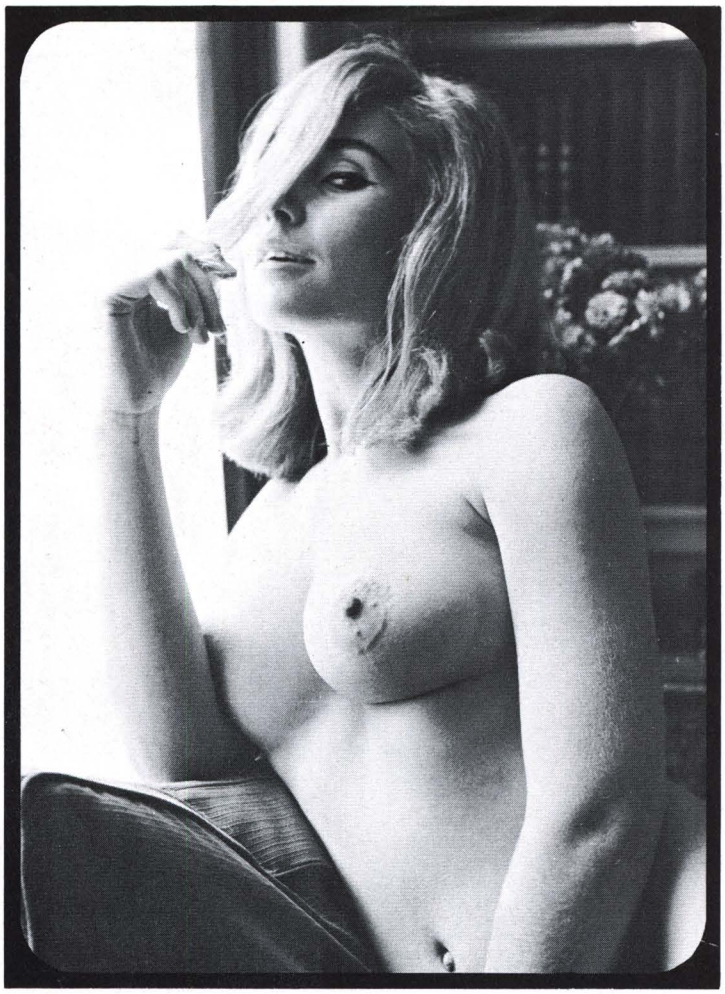
But first, a look at the biological situation

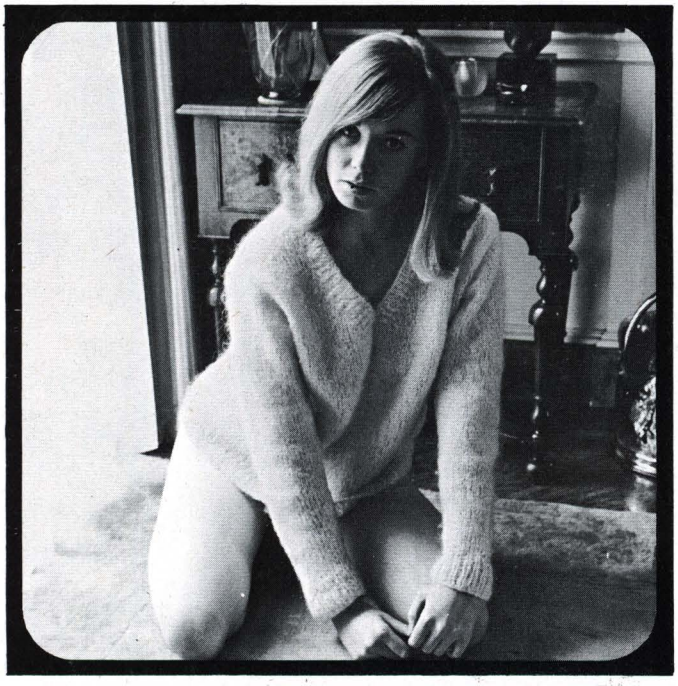
(*continued on page* 70)

Booted Beauty



Miss Denise Johns, our lovely Pet-of-the-Month, makes her photographic début side by side with the first issue of PENTHOUSE. *Denise, initially known as D. J. (pronounced Dee Jay) by a small but ever increasing circle of friends, is the first lady in an exclusive series of Penthouse Pets destined to grace these centre pages.*





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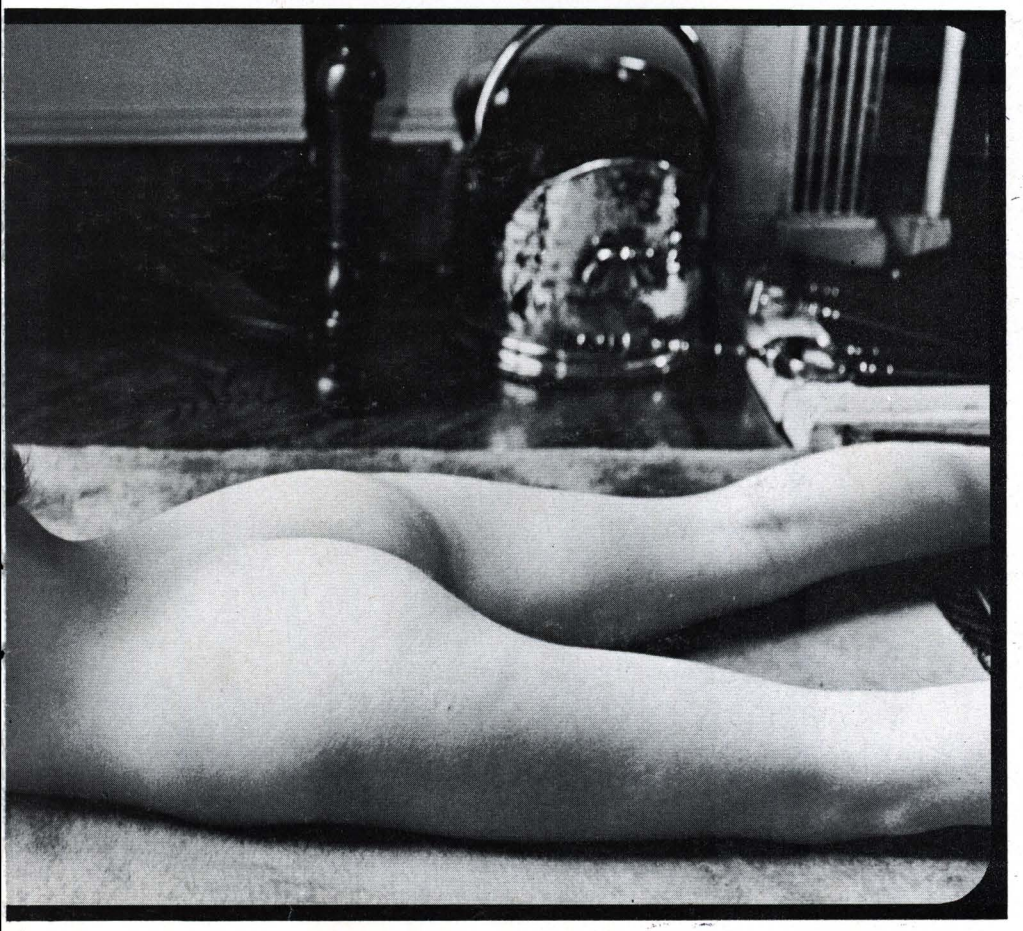
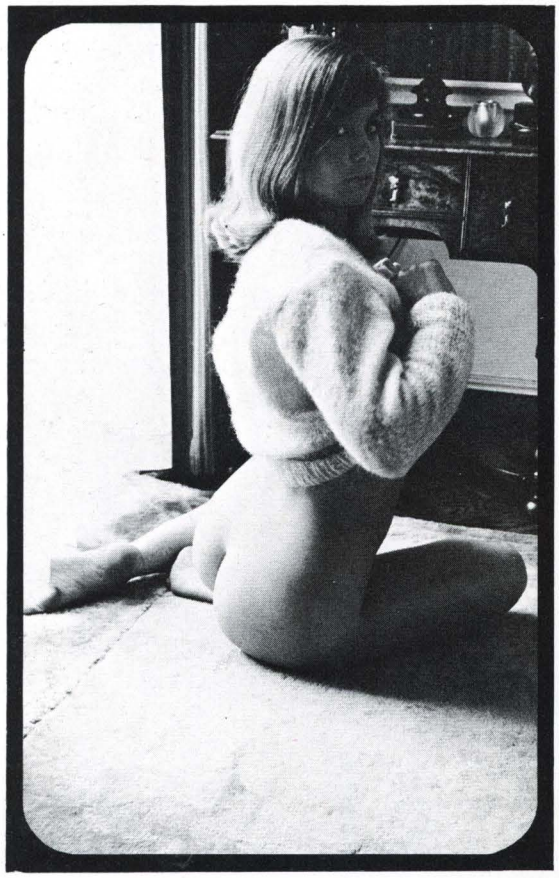
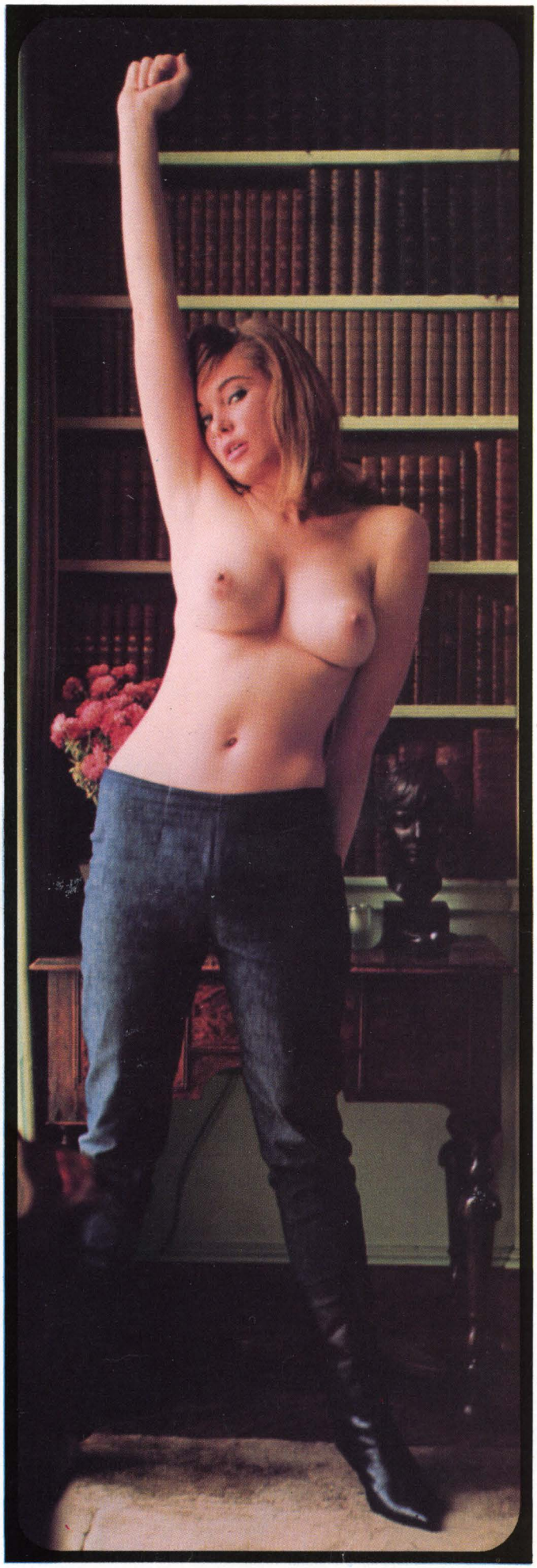


Upon these pages float images of PENTHOUSE'S very first *Pet-of-the-Month;* an 18-year-old poetess who dwells lightly amid all the confusion of Camden Town. There is a bitter-sweet aura of mysticism about her that seems to belong to a dim and fragile Victorian past. In her brooding eyes a hint of musical tragedy might well be lurking. D. J. herself admits a preoccupation with the dusty literature of bygone centuries. "I'm mostly attracted by the love verse of the 17th century," she says disarmingly. "Just a solitary line from Herrick like: *'When I thy parts run o'er I can't espy, in any one the least indecency'*—can really awaken the modern soul. At least, it awakens mine."

The fair D. J. is also at times lured into the eerie hinterland of spiritualism: "Ever since I was a child I've had the feeling that I'm vaguely in contact with voices from the past. I ought really to witness an actual seance. But I can't lose the suspicion that there's an element of fakery about them. I guess I'm content to leave the voices within myself."

There are times though when the Gothic gloom flees from D. J.'s eyes, to be replaced by an almost pagan animalism—"My moods alternate so swiftly that they scare me sometimes. I might be just sitting down here writing a love poem one moment—and the next I am literally seized by the urge to do daring unfeminine things. Then I have to leave the poem and go kick a football





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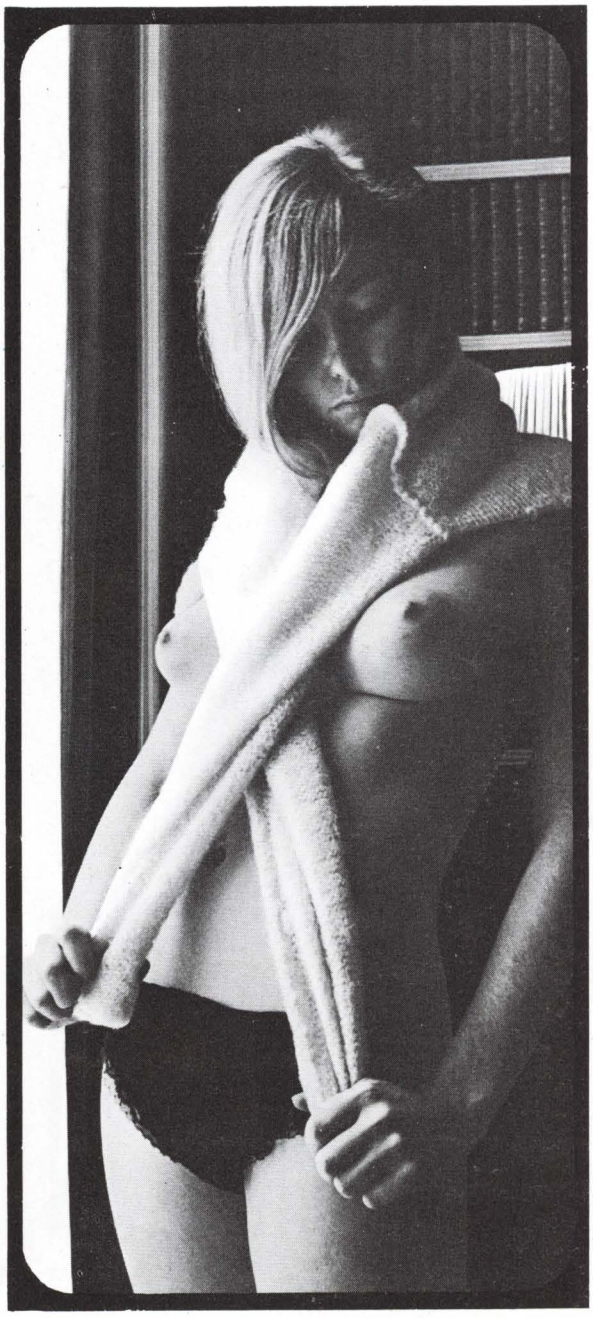


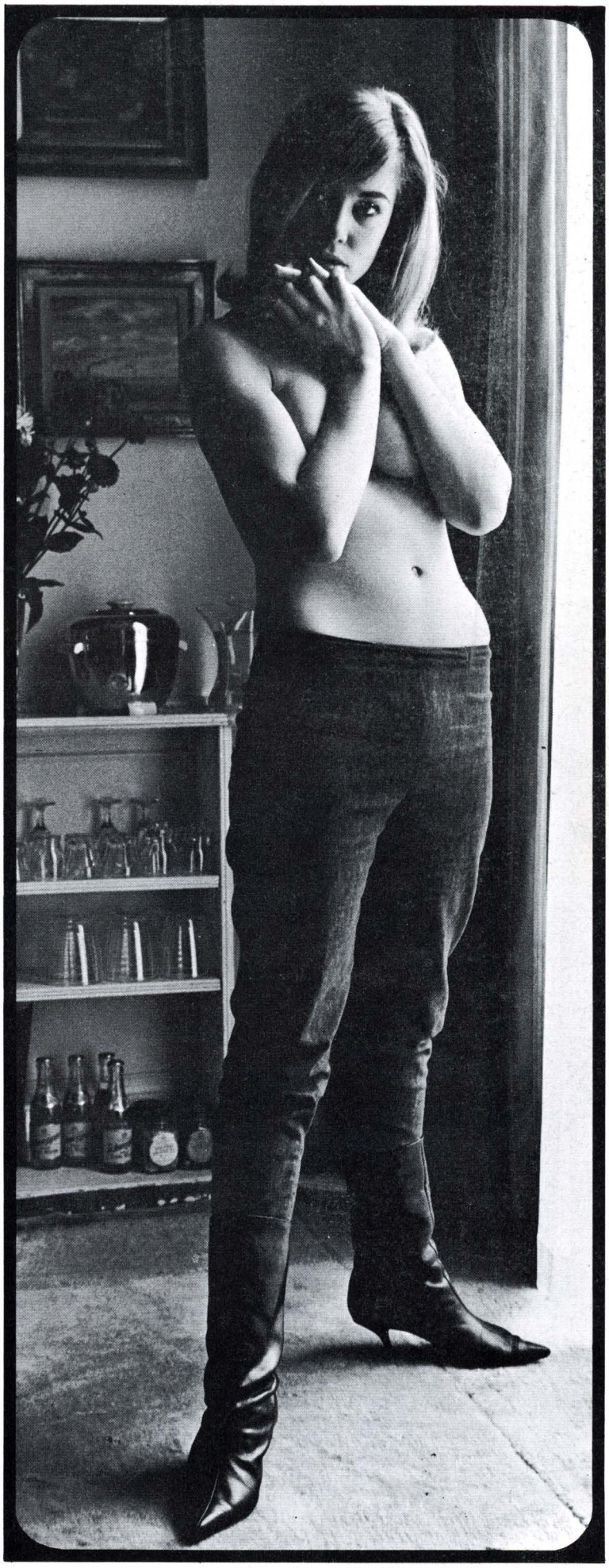
around the park, or run till I gasp for breath. Crazy things like that. My father tells me I'm mad, that I should do more to face up to reality. But inside me there's a constant urge to experiment with life."
I can't help feeling this is true with all romantic people.

D. J. lives on a small allowance from her father, which she sometimes delightedly supplements with any money she earns from her journeys into verse. About their publication D. J. admits: "Mostly they appear in obscure English and American magazines. I'm glad in a way, for I believe the readers of such magazines are genuinely interested in poetry. But I have hopes of publishing a collection of my poems in book form soon; I think I have a publisher interested. . . ."
The loves in D. J.'s life

are fleeting, transitory affairs—like her own quicksilver emotions they hover between the idea and the reality; wherefalls T. S. Eliot's luminous shadow. "Although I'm knee-deep in the thought and poetry of love," she says, "the practical aspects of it I find at times somewhat bewildering. But I don't altogether shrink from the physical element. After all, it's very important."

This half-and-half state of bewilderment finds expression when Denise sings, to her own guitar accompaniment, the wryest of blues that echo the sadness and poignancy of her

DJ

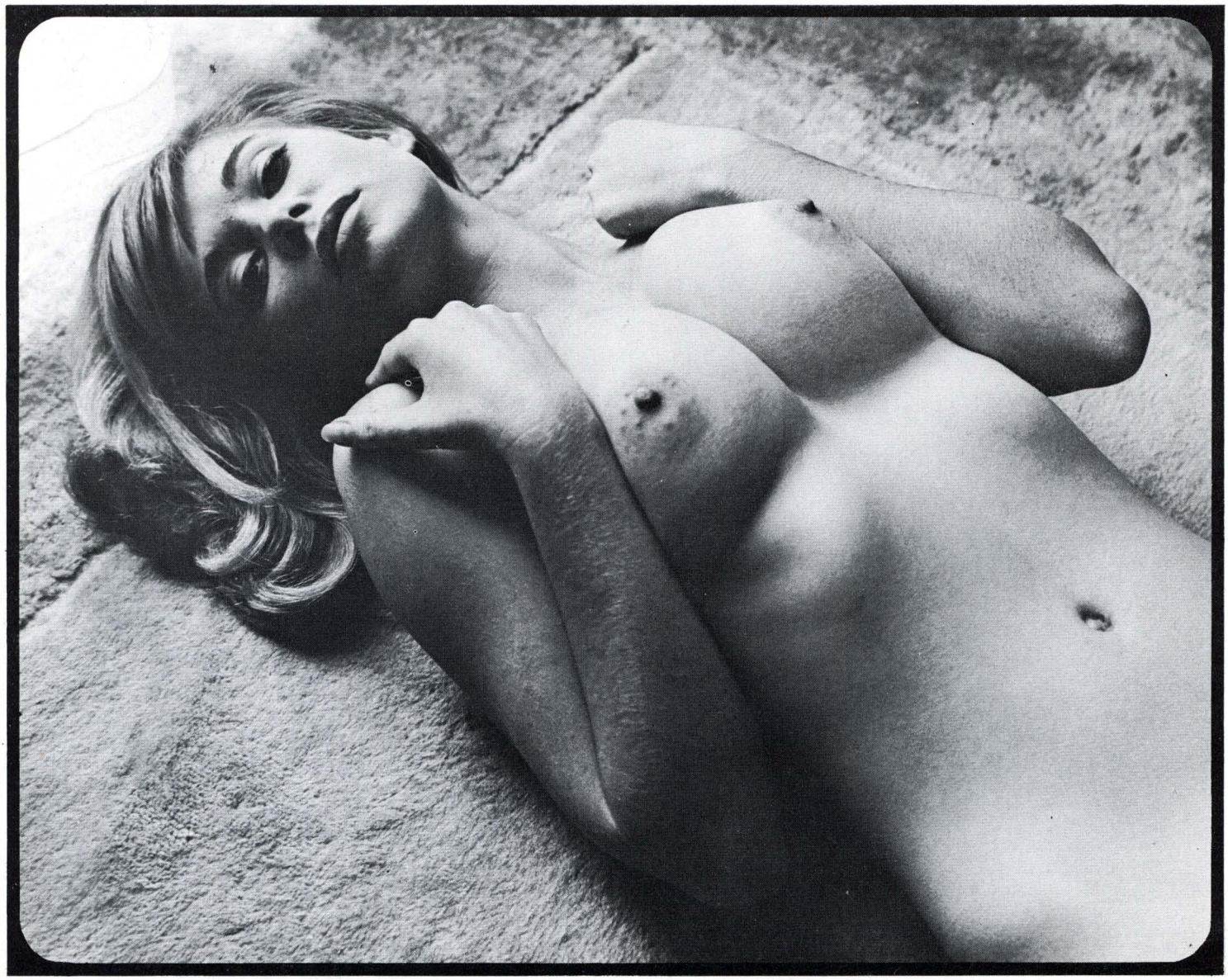


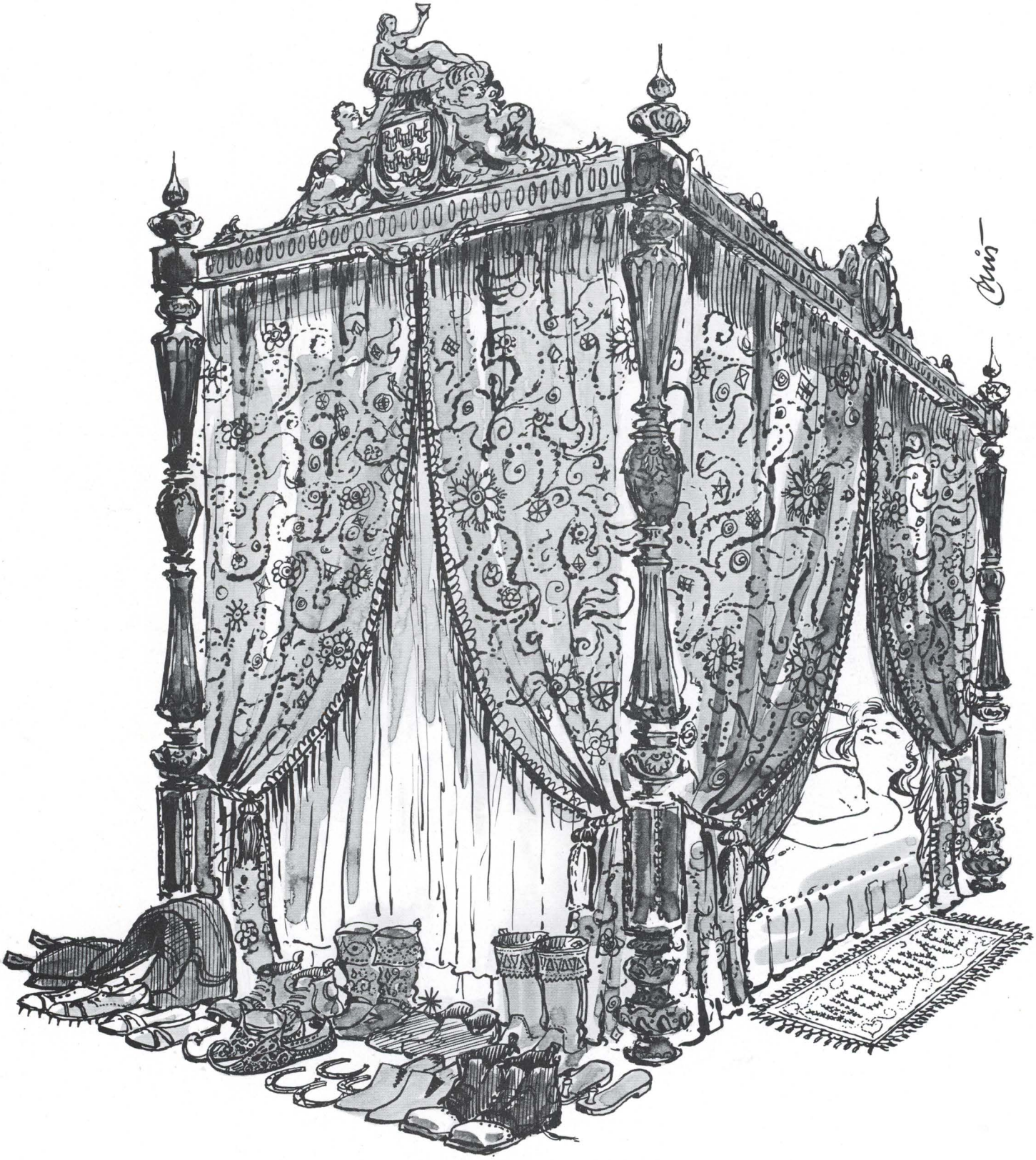
DENISE JOHNS/PENTHOUSE PET-OF-THE-MONTH/

predicament. "Anyhow," she jokes, "I guess I have the right kind of voice for the blues; sour yet sexy."

Of her appearance in PENTHOUSE—covergirl as well as centrefold—Denise says, "I'm really flattered. I've never thought of myself as a model—and I still don't—but I find there's nothing at all sinful in nudity. It's as natural as. . . .as Camden Town."

So thither to Camden Town wanders the soulful Denise. Pause, and lower thine eyes upon her. Nowhere, but nowhere, when her parts you run o'er, as Herrick said, will you find the least indecency.





THE CROSSROADS OF MORALITY

by Allen Edwardes

ILLUSTRATION/ROLAND STUMPF

How does the Western "Love Ideal" hold up against the casual promiscuity of the East and what is the case for the cross-fertilisation of moralities that may bring the sexual brutality and indifference of one culture together with the "Anti-Flesh" spirituality of another? Allen Edwardes, author of JEWEL IN THE LOTUS and one of the world's leading orientalists, examines these and other questions dealing with the importance of erotic freedom in social relationships.

IMPROVED TRANSPORTATION AND COMMUNICATIONS, the activities of the United Nations and the threat of nuclear war, have made the world's peoples aware of one another as never before; and suddenly there seems to be a not always comprehensible interpenetration of ideas and attitudes, and of unconscious as well as conscious needs and yearnings, between peoples separated by gulfs traditionally regarded as unbridgeable.

It is no longer possible to assert that East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet. On the contrary, there has been for a long time a "Westernising" trend apparent in the East; and more recently it has been possible to discern what would seem to be "Easternising" and "Africanising" tendencies at work in the West.

The dramatic loosening of sexual morals in Britain and the West is in part a product of this over-all trend to alikeness.

The sophisticates have largely—and in the main, rightly—convinced us that much of what we once thought to be vice was not vicious at all; and those who have always been largely unfettered by sexual restrictions offer an example more and more tempting as our absolutism becomes increasingly useless as a shield against temptation.

It has become customary to regard the West as materialistic, and the East as Idealistic—both to a fault. But in sexual matters, exactly the reverse has often been the case. What is most commendable in the Oriental approach to sexual relationships is the realistic understanding that the needs of the flesh must and should be met. What is most commendable in the Western approach is the recognition that sexual intercourse need not be *just* a physical experience, and should involve mind and emotions, blending selfless benevolence with self-interest to the enrichment of both participants.

The vague understanding that we in the West have overvalued the psychical content of the sexual experience—and, concomitantly, undervalued the physical content—has led to a too total rejection of the psychical elements. Consequently, our behaviour increasingly resembles that of the Moslem in its loveless promiscuity, its untempered sensuality, and often in its brutality.

Unconsciously, we tend to understand that sexual values have been at fault. Lacking insight into the nature of our difficulties, conscious only of our misery, we tend to abandon all sexual values—restrained only by tradition, the disapproval of our elders, and to some extent, by fear of legal consequences.

The breakdown in the area of values leaves a void covered over by what is often misunderstood as psychopathy.

The Eastern world, influenced by Western ideas, fares little better.

The West fails to give to the East what is best in the Western tradition: the enhancement of the erotic experience by inclusion of mutual affection and respect. The East gives to the West not a realistic emphasis upon the physical aspects of the erotic experience. but an example which the West only sees as the grossest sort of sensuality and licence. The two draw closer, but with little benefit to either and with damage to both. Hopefully, the condition is transitional and perhaps each will eventually receive from the other what is most beneficial.

At the moment, however, the situation is far from satisfactory. In the West, we are beginning to realise that the longer normal sexual fulfilment is denied, the greater are the chances that a satisfactory sexual life will be impossible later on. Sexual and mental disorders are much more likely to beset those who live in sex starvation over a long period of time than those who experience sexual gratification at sufficient intervals. It must also be kept in mind that when a system of morals condemns much of our sexual behaviour, the individual who abides by the prohibitions has to suffer both frustration and guilt—the last because, while he or she may remain physically chaste (and frustrated), desire will be strongly present, fantasy indulgence will multiply and intensify, and self-condemnation will follow.

As the store of collective knowledge increases, more and more individual knowledge is needed to "get ahead" in society. This means that a greater number of years must be spent in acquiring it. During these years income is slight, not at all sufficient to allow for marriage (with reasonable expectancy of permanence), much less for bringing up a family. Thus we unrealistically demand ever-longer periods of sexual deprivation from those not wishing to engage in premarital intercourse, and inciting to open rebellion those who are unable or unwilling to deny their requirements.

Of course, not only the young are in revolt. Science is in head-on collision with law—which is to say that scientific findings in the area of human sexual behaviour increasingly result in recommendations running counter to the laws on the statute books as well as to official morality. Marriage counsellors, obeying the dictates of conscience, recommend unlawful acts; legislators decline to revise laws they regard as outmoded for fear of being accused of encouraging vice; judges sentence individuals to prison or otherwise penalise them for acts some judges not only privately condone but also personally engage in; and among the masses of the people there is an understandable confusion.

There is no doubt that we in the West urgently need new values which will condone the sexual relationships of those who enter into them affectionately and with mutual respect. All human experience instructs us that we will have to allow, too, for very transient sexual relationships if they are not merely brutal and sordid. And most importantly, our sexual values must encourage a proper blending of physical and psychical elements, giving society's blessing to the sexual encounter as a mentally and emotionally enriching experience, and encouraging everyone to make of the sex act something more than a vehicle for the discharging of tensions accompanied by momentary pleasure.

Here the East has something to teach the West about tolerance in the area of sexual and other individual peculiarities. Human beings of the future will surely both ridicule and deplore the obsessive Western preoccupation with who does what to whom. And this remarkable concern would indeed be altogether ludicrous if it were not so catastrophically neurotogenic.

Magical ideas about the sexual organs still permeate Western civilisation. These organs are no longer deified, but the prohibitions based upon such beliefs, even though deprived of their faulty foundations, irrationally persist and govern our thinking to a calamitous extent.

The "practical" objection to erotic refine-

ments—that they do not result in the procreation of children—has long since lost whatever small legitimacy it may once have possessed; and in fact the need to control reproduction is now among the most pressing (and least dealt with) of all human problems.

In much of the East, if a girl prefers to fellate her lover rather than copulate with him, and if he is agreeable, then no one finds anything much to condemn in that. Society does not suffer, the participants are made happy, and anyone who objected would be recognised for a reprehensible meddler. But in the West, it is the meddling that is taken for granted, socially approved, and often backed up by the full weight of the statutes, the police and the courts.

The homosexual, who neither chooses his condition, nor is able to change it or—except rarely—have it changed, has relations with another homosexual or bisexual to the benefit of both and without harm to society. In the East, that is likely to be considered his affair; and in Europe it is considered less than a menace to the security of the state. In Britain, such hapless individuals are still publicly branded as damned "queers" and are ostracised by society, hounded and hunted by the police, and sent to prison whenever possible or practicable. While crimes of violence increase, an irrational public policy dictates that police forces maintain vice squads to carry out espionage activities in public lavatories.

It is small wonder that an increasingly well-educated and sophisticated people, sickened at what is said and done in the name of morality, should abandon a sex code productive of such stupidities and evils.

Yet such abandonment *in toto* of sexual restraints without an attempt to replace them with something sound and workable, must lead when the process is sufficiently advanced to an African-like licence and finally to exploitation and brutality on the mass behavior level. It is not such a sexual freedom, or sexual anarchy, that we ought to desire or permit to develop and flourish except at our peril.

To say the obvious: stripped of all restraints, freedom of speech becomes freedom to libel and slander; freedom of action becomes freedom to murder and pillage; sexual freedom becomes freedom to rape and to victimise. And all such freedoms are illusory, because total freedom will swiftly be overwhelmed by a tyranny of total terror.

A reasonable sexual freedom will never tolerate assault or the victimisation of the innocent. It will be merely a freedom similar to the freedoms already enjoyed in other areas of human life, with males and females, from a realistic minimum age upward, permitted to choose and act freely so long as they do not infringe unduly upon the freedom of others. Such sexual freedom combines the tolerance of the East with the rationalism (in its best sense) of the West. It is what we must aim for if we are to avoid dangerous disorder on the one hand, and the wholesale manufacture of neurotics on the other.

Also worthy of discussion in this context is the havoc presently being wrought in some parts of the East by the movement towards "feminine equality". The movement is worldwide, of course, and everywhere its consequences are unfortunate in the area of sexual relationships.

The equality of the female has meant not just political and economic equality, but sexual equality also. This sexual equality, so desirable in theory, has had a crippling effect upon the male, who by nature or through centuries-long conditioning has accustomed himself to the role of aggressor and initiator of erotic activities. The male fear of the female deriving in part from the ancient belief that the female, (unhampered by the tumescence-detumescence mechanism) is sexually insatiable, is intensified by confrontation with the new and more aggressive woman.

In other ways, too, as a result of her politically competitive situation in the world, woman becomes "masculinised". The male reacts to this not by becoming more masculine, but by becoming less masculine. Differences between the sexes are diminished, bisexuality becomes (in the West) more prevalent, and potency problems increase. The female, still used to male domination, loses respect for and often comes to despise the male who is no longer able to dominate. Her obvious course of action, since it is clear that male sexual dominance is bound up with male dominance in other areas, is to retreat into traditional feminine passivity and pretence of subjugation; but instead she reacts by becoming still more bold and aggressive. Yet another unmanning retreat is forced upon the male. We are only in the middle of this process and it is impossible to predict where it will end.

It is certain, however, that sexual equality for the female imposes almost intolerable stresses and strains upon the institution of monogamous marriage and the family as it has developed in Christian countries. This institution, firmly based upon a double sexual standard weighted on the side of the male, owed such success as it enjoyed to a variety of factors. Among these, the most important was probably the economic dependency of the female, which forced her into marriage and made it exceedingly difficult for her to terminate a marriage once entered into. The same economic dependency made it possible for her to remain sexually faithful, because the consequences of infidelity were so disastrous. Meanwhile, monogamy was made endurable for the economically independent male by his greater sexual freedom and by the ready accessibility of prostitutes. Prostitution also provided, for many women, the only real alternative to wretchedness in wedlock.

Prostitution, as is well known, is the invariable concomitant of the kind of monoganous marriage with an insistence upon wifely fidelity that we have had in the West. The decline of prostitution is therefore an ominous sign for the future of marriage and the family. It is a decline made possible only by increasing divorce rates and frequency of both premarital and extramarital intercourse.

In the Moslem world, where society has always been quite differently organised, prostitution has suffered no similar fate. The equality of women has probably increased rather than diminished the incidence of prostitution—a fact made possible by the greater freedom of movement and action now accorded women in a prosexual culture where self-interest is admittedly paramount.

It might also be said (depending on definitions), that prostitution has increased in the West. But this would be to include all of those girls and women who now barter, rather than honestly sell, their sexual services in exchange for gifts, car rides, night club entertainment, etc., and always, of course, with the understanding that the female is giving not selling, her favours. Such females operate not in a prosexual culture, as do their Eastern counterparts, but in a culture where antisexual values have collapsed.

In attempting to understand the sexual behaviour of the African and of the Asian, and perhaps especially of the Moslem Arab who seems more comparable to ourselves, it will be very difficult for the Westerner to grasp the almost exclusively physical approach to the many sexual acts. This, of course, is because of our suspicion that sexual intercourse without love is degrading to both participants. But that objection is true only if all sexual intercourse is degrading, except between lovers. Such a belief would not only condemn all mankind in the past; it would also assign degraded status to the vast majority of sexual acts engaged in by married couples today, which would surely not be what any moralist intended.

Perhaps we should examine the alternatives, also. Sexual frustration, whether in the name of chastity or whatever, is scarcely ennobling. On the contrary, as saints and other celibates have demonstrated, it results in an excessive preoccupation with the erotic, manifested in pantasies and worse—with neurosis often the end product (when it is not, as may be more common, the cause). The fact that only a minority of human beings are ever erotically in love at any given time means that at all times a majority of persons would be doomed to frustration by any (enforceable) insistence upon loving intercourse.

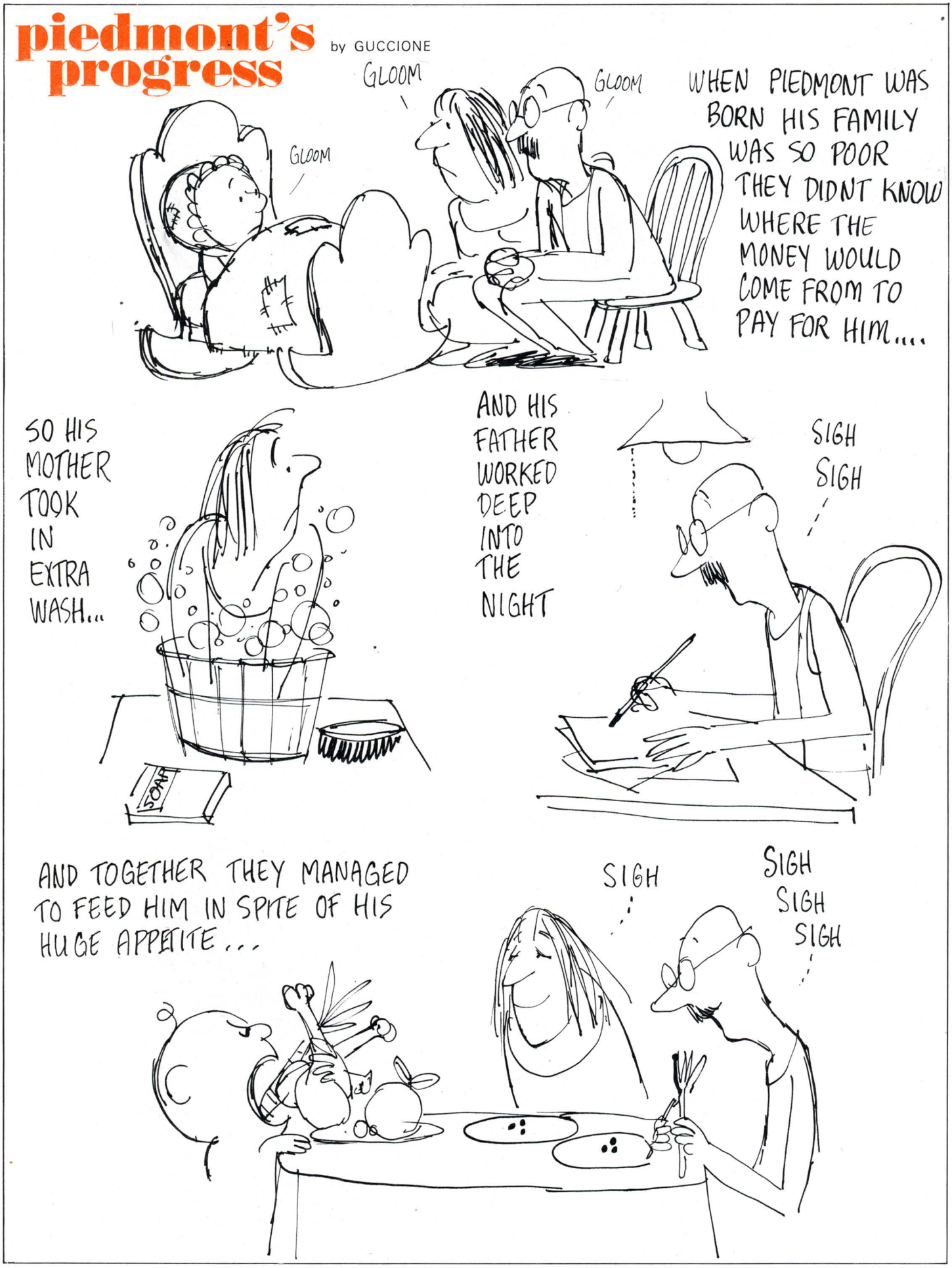
Thus, the Easterner, with his awareness and acceptance of sexual needs quite apart from love, recognises the realities of the human condition and behaves accordingly. The Westerner often behaves in much the same way, but denying the realities the Easterner recognises, with the consequent guilt so well known to us all.

It is his superior mental equipment, that has given man a dominant status among the animals of which he is one. Western Christian man's crucial error in the area of sexuality has resulted from his pride in this dominant status. Although belief in God as the creator of the world implies that God created man as both body and mind, man has equated mind with God . . . and body with the beasts. He has striven to be God-like by exalting his own mind or spirit; and he has striven to sever his

(*continued on page* 69)

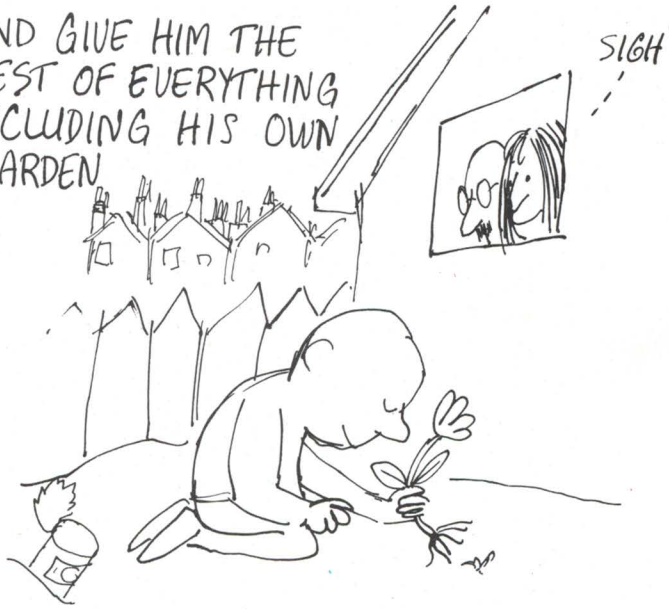
piedmont's progress

by GUCCIONE



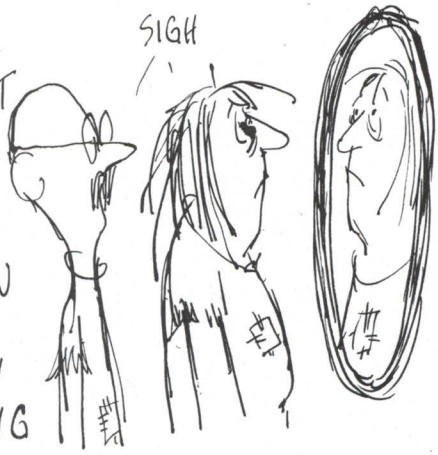
AND DRESS HIM THOUGH HE HAD EXPENSIVE TASTES

AND GIVE HIM THE BEST OF EVERYTHING INCLUDING HIS OWN GARDEN

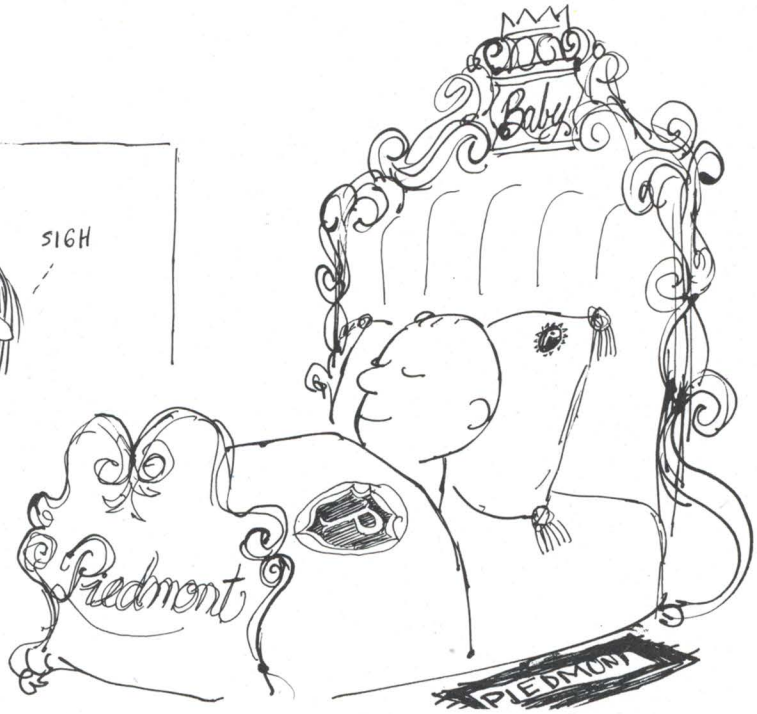


AND THE BEST TOYS MONEY COULD BUY

IN FACT,, THEY SPENT SO MUCH TIME AND SO MUCH MONEY ON PIEDMONT THAT THEY HAD NOTHING LEFT FOR THEMSELVES



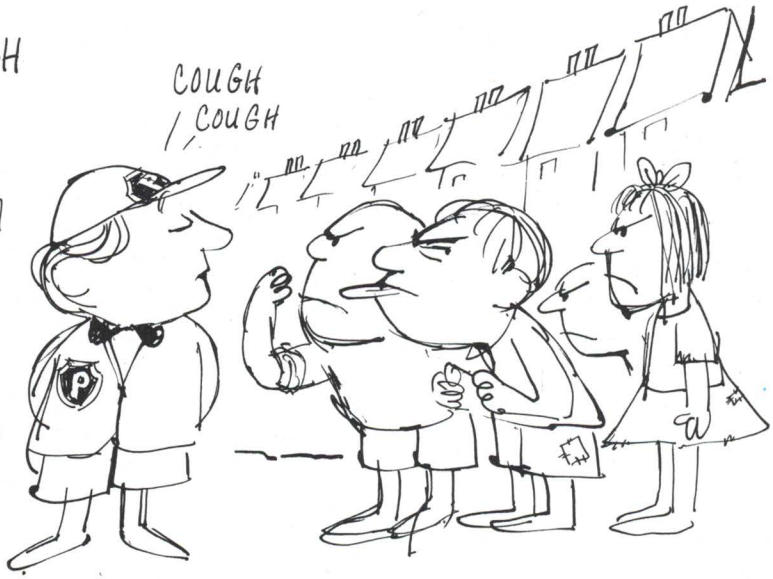
AND PIEDMONT HAD **EVERY-THING** A CHILD COULD WANT



SO MUCH IN FACT THAT HE BECAME....

A PERFECT
SNOB

AND ALTHOUGH THE OTHER CHILDREN REJECTED HIM AND JEERED AT HIM PIEDMONT JUST LOOKED DOWN HIS NOSE AND COUGHED POLITELY...



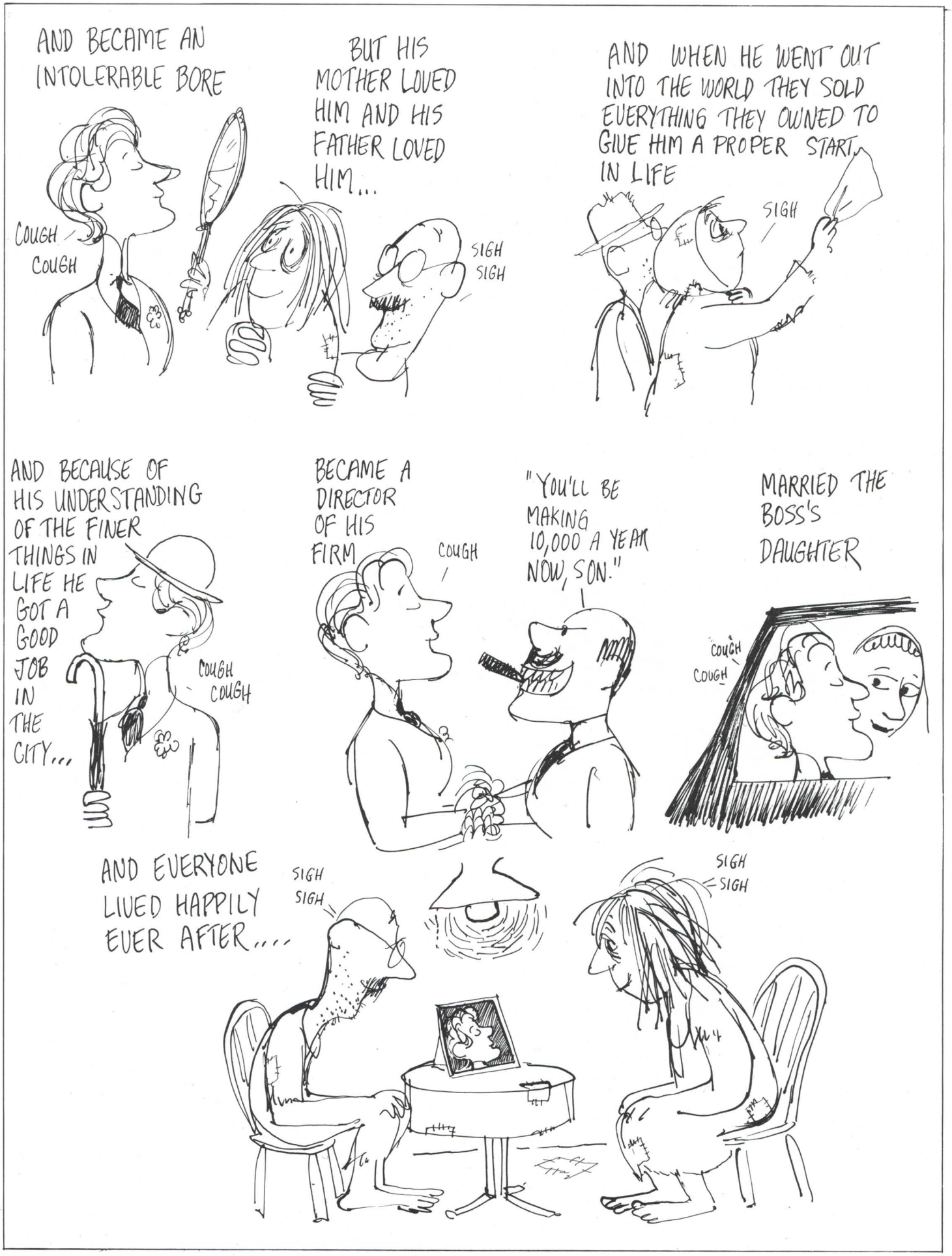
AND AS HIS TASTE FOR LUXURY GREW...

HIS MOTHER TOOK IN **MORE** WASH

AND HIS FATHER WORKED **DEEPER** INTO THE NIGHT

AND PIEDMONT JUST GREW AND GREW...

AND GREW AND...


AND BECAME AN INTOLERABLE BORE
COUGH COUGH
BUT HIS MOTHER LOVED HIM AND HIS FATHER LOVED HIM...
SIGH SIGH
AND WHEN HE WENT OUT INTO THE WORLD THEY SOLD EVERYTHING THEY OWNED TO GIVE HIM A PROPER START IN LIFE
SIGH
AND BECAUSE OF HIS UNDERSTANDING OF THE FINER THINGS IN LIFE HE GOT A GOOD JOB IN THE CITY...
COUGH COUGH
BECAME A DIRECTOR OF HIS FIRM
COUGH
"YOU'LL BE MAKING 10,000 A YEAR NOW, SON."
MARRIED THE BOSS'S DAUGHTER
COUGH COUGH
AND EVERYONE LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER....
SIGH SIGH
SIGH SIGH

ON SUBLIMINAL SELF-ADVERTISING

by Dr. Alex Comfort

A wryly humorous dissertation on the biological, instinctual and chemical difficulties of preparing and meeting any public demand for love philtres.

MOST DOCTORS MEET AT LEAST ONCE IN A career the patient who demands, or at least tries indirectly to get, an aphrodisiac. Very few, in England anyhow, will ever have been approached for a love philtre—though many will have promised, without realising it, not to administer them—for they were one of the noxious substances at which the Hippocratic Oath was directed. An aphrodisiac (if there were such a thing) would be a substance which produced sexual excitement. A love philtre, as former ages understood it, would be specific—it would make the taker desire a particular person.

Oddly enough, if medicine did re-enter this field, the second might prove biologically the easier undertaking of the two, and well in line with the kind of research upon attractants and repellents which is now in hand elsewhere in applied biology. A great many substances, from alcohol to hormones, will produce sexual excitement in some people, but individual variation is enormous, and none of them is specific, reliable or, generally speaking, "safe" in either sense of the word. Folklore about aphrodisiacs has produced many disappointments (we forget that tomatoes—formerly called "love-apples"—came here first with an undeserved reputation). It occasionally produces tragedies—including, not long ago, the death of two girls from cantharidin poisoning. Apart from intoxicants and mere irritants, the human sexual impulse is too complicated and too much modified by "higher" directional effects to respond *en bloc* to any single drug (it does not even respond, in different people and cultures, to a single image of physical beauty). It is this wide variation in specificity which would make the enquiring pharmacologist offer, to any Foundation willing to pay, specific erogenics in say ten years, and the safe blunderbus aphrodisiac only in twenty.

The most important determinants of human specific sexual response ("falling in love" our grandparents called it) are situational and probably conditioned—most of them are unknown to the subject himself, or herself, and to work them properly one would need to know in detail all the fetishes and antifetishes of the target—they may draw you a tear or a box on the ear, and you cannot tell which till you've tried. Expedients such as growing long hair or cultivating a deep voice are in any case hardly philtres, and most people do the necessary research on them by trial and error. The philtre is to be a chemical substance acting as a surefire short cut to courtship—able to be offered rather than administered, and preferably overwhelming in its effect. It must also be at least as specific as a letter.

Substances of this kind, performing almost exactly this role, half-hormone and half-message, do occur in nature. The common situational signals among mammals are odours. These are individually specific (dogs, as Kalmus showed, can discriminate, though with difficulty, between the smells of identical twins), strongly associated with sex-recognition, and easily conditioned from casual stimuli. For the biological control of courtship, this would seem the obvious starting-point.

Havelock Ellis mentions a medical student who was troubled during his lectures by persistent, unexplained sexual excitement—and traced it to the natural perfume of a lady colleague a few seats back. Our culture is peculiar in its attitude to these stimuli—it is a Carbolic Culture. We tend to disclaim awareness of the normal skin odour of other—clean—individuals, to have a commercially-exploitable fear of our own, and to use perfumes to disguise rather than exploit their possibilities. This is a weakening cultural pose, as we can see by comparison with other literatures, but it is evidence that our proposed research is on the right lines, for the appearance of disgust or reticence is always evidence of response and blocking. Psychoanalytical ideas seem to support this—in fact Groddeck, with his usual talent for overstatement, thought that "however wise we might be, in matters of love we let our noses decide for us"—and moreover, that the apparent poorness of human olfactory discrimination, compared with that of "nose" mammals like the dog, is due not to brain structure but to repression for psychosexual reasons.

Groddeck apart, we can at least start by saying that there is a substantial erotic component in human olfaction which ought to be open to operational research. There is certainly a large apparent difference if not between individual olfactory acuity to human skin odour, at least in the extent to which it comes to consciousness. Many people claim to detect consistent differences between skin odours and associate them with skin and hair-colour. This applies not only to ethnic groups (where diet and race prejudice play a part) but between genotypes within a so-called "race", one of the several red-haired genotypes being the most often recognised as distinct.

> "One could subdivide this perfume indefinitely; none has more nuances. Daring and sometimes tiring in brunettes, sharp and fierce in redheads, in the blonde it is subtle and heady, like some 'flowery' wines—one could almost draw a parallel with the way they use their lips in kissing: with more pressure and attack in brunettes, more intimate and personal, perhaps, in blondes. But whatever the colour of the fleece that grows under their arms . . . one

has to admit that Mother Nature is wise and provident in distributing these spice-boxes to season and flavour the act of love, which has to be served up so often, and which monotony and habit would make terribly indigestible and dull. . . ."

J.-K. Huysman's description of these differences in *Croquis Parisiens* greatly offended his contemporaries ("*on me qualifie d'erotomane*", he wrote to a friend), but perfumers have endorsed the correctness of his natural history for centuries. Without going into the capacity of saints, Indian and Christian, to detect celibacy by odour (said to resemble synthetic violet oil), there is here the basis of individual discrimination with an erotic cast. In some cases this is both conscious and very powerful—in a few it is overwhelming, with a *déjà-vu* component very like that which is associated with cataclysmal love at first sight. Something of the sort occurred to Henri III, or Henri IV, or both, of France (authorities differ). One or other was accustomed to fall madly in love with women whose handkerchiefs he borrowed. In its extreme form this kind of response is clearly in the debatable area of physio-psychology where aurae, fetishes and memory-processes converge possibly in the temporal lobe. Many mammals show ecstatic responses to odours not derived from other individuals—cats to catnip or valerian, birds to wood-smoke—and if olfactory fetishes are exceptional in man they may well be phylogenetically deep-seated, and capable of being evoked for general exploitation with a little research. It is on lines like these that one might begin work. They already work like a bomb in insects and are widely used for pest control.

The operative components of such an olfactory "crush" can be guessed—if it resembles visual attraction it is probably in part non-specific (like our visual reaction to any beautiful woman) and in part highly specific (like a recognition). It has sometimes been suggested that falling in love of the catastrophic kind (which is what a philtre aims to produce) depends on assortation or dissortation towards some memory of the mother, but since our memories of our parents are complex, and depend as much on behaviour and manner as upon looks, this is difficult to investigate. If there is such a factor, however, it pays to remember that skin taste and odour precede voice, and long precede personal appearance, as available traits for imprinting. Exchange of skin odours has a high importance for infant mammals, since future parental recognition depends on them. We are unusual in not being able to recognise our newborn young in this way, but milk itself is in origin a dermal secretion, and the areola is provided with special large scent-glands, which presumably fulfil a function—possibly either in guiding or in labelling the newborn. If there is a chemical specificity which could determine falling in love, or out of it, this might well be it. It is also promisingly accessible to manipulation; there is a limit to our powers of acting, looking or sounding like the target's mother, if this were effective, but it might be much easier to smell like her. Given a basic range of odours, one could at least try.

Welch and Hayes (1957) found that babies become enamoured of cod-liver oil or asafoetida if they meet them early enough. Kenneth found similar differences in adult preferences, which he regarded as genetic. If Groddeck is right, suckling is not the only point in psychosexual development where infants encounter olfactory landmarks which could be libidinised. Psychoanalysts have hinted at such mechanisms, but are habitually not given to statistics. If, however, oral and anal personalities have characteristic and different responses, the target widens considerably. There must be quite a few potential users of biological aids to courtship who aim not at an individual but at one personality-minded group—the successfully acquisitive. If the choice of a ketonic against an indolic perfume made the difference between getting an orally-inclined chef or a sword-swallower on one hand and an anal-acquisitive millionaire on the other, it would be well worth knowing that. This suggests the technique of "assembling" used by entomologists: male moths will assemble to a female from an area of many square miles. It would be no mean feat to assemble the millionaires from a liner's passenger list in this way, even if a few numismatists and museum curators came down with them.

It might be, where the target was an individual, that previous conditioning would have swamped such influences, so that the smell of paint, or a previous lover's brand of tobacco, was an overriding factor. Some people have become conditioned to the erotic significance of the odour of gasoline rubber, from regular use of contraceptives. There are, of course, too many such possible factors for testing on a proposed target. But we have a second line of attack in the non-specific component, and it is to this that the perfumery business is directed.

Perfumes attract because they are pleasant, but "fascinate", in advertising parlance, because of a subliminal component which is specifically aphrodisiac. Most perfumes contain volatile ingredients combined with one or more fixatives, which have the property of retaining and enhancing the other scents, and which are commonly mammalian sex odours—ruminant and rodent (musk) or carnivore (civet). Some sex hormones have themselves a musky odour, and, more suggestive still, there is apparently a sex difference in the power to detect their odour: men smell it better after a dose of female hormones.

Of the musk rat Fr. Lejeune wrote in the seventeenth century, "A part of its body smells of musk, if caught in springtime—at other seasons it is odourless. The French are very fond of this odour—the savages dislike it as if it were a stench." Similar cultural differences, rather than physiology alone, may account for the fact *that most customers for a biological aid to courtship in our society would probably be women.* One need not despair of working the oracle in the reverse direction, however. Arab historians recount that the false prophet Mozailama (whom Allah punish!) dealt with an awkward situation *vis-à-vis* the ascetic would-be prophetess, Chedja-et-Temimia, by such means. Excited by a tentful of perfumes (the recipe is given), she leapt straight into his bed. In the event she married him, and was obliged from then on to accept the heresiarch's authority in both doctrinal and domestic matters. Mozailama's mixture bore a close resemblance to modern formulae; unfortunately the proportions are not known, and the ingredients too expensive for haphazard trial upon other ascetic ladies.

The perfumer works *his* philtre as follows—the overall odour must be matched to the natural skin odour of the wearer; the "scent" of the volatile ingredients is pleasant, generally evocative, and characteristic; and the mildly aphrodisiac effect of the fixative, which evokes a more specifically sexual note, combined with the natural charm of the wearer, provide a "reward" to which the target becomes conditioned. Beyond this, it is up to you to make him love you, and the measure of your success will enhance the conditioning, so that your letters will excite him even when still unread, provided you do not change your scent until you are indispensable on other grounds.

The speculative biochemist might well be able to improve on this, both in specificity and in intensity of evoked response. He would have to add to the already great complexity of perfume chemistry—in which, because of the sensitivity of our noses compared with our tests, synthetics are rarely if ever equivalent to natural empirical mixtures—by separating and identifying trace factors, or at least patterns, in human odour. The work would be interesting (to biologists, psychologists and geneticists as well as the trade) and financially rewarding if successful. One might succeed in producing specific attractants directed either at one target (made up to order after clandestine tests on him) or at a class of men to include him. The opposite sex arrangement in spite of the drive to sell perfumes to men, would probably not come at once. One might ask if we could not also produce non-specific aphrodisiac odours as effective for man as civetone is, presumably, for the civet. This seems less likely. There certainly are such components in human genital, as opposed to skin, odour, but some people would probably interpret an artificially increased concentration as distasteful. Still, if we knew what they were, chemical substitution might be possible with remarkable effects. At least we might teach our womenfolk that deodorants in love are like deflavourants in cooking (most of them contain aluminium salts and taste vile), that advertisers are liars, and that they should leave well alone—stick, spray and razorwise—and cleave to soap and water. A material which produced compulsive responses like those of French kings to ladies' handkerchiefs, cats to valerian or birds to the smell of smoke might come under the head of chemical warfare rather than perfumery. But it would have the merit of being, as the advertisers say, "unusual and exciting".

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PENTHOUSE PEOPLE

RAPHAEL & LEONARD - *double dictator*

Raphael Santa Rossa, 31 (sitting), and Leonard Lewis, 26, constitute a team as close to a two-headed dictator as democracy allows. As Raphael and Leonard, the top women's hair-stylists in Britain, they scored a feminine revolution last year by launching the *Helmet Look*—a look that sent temptresses pelting to get their tresses sheared down to ragged fringes and short back-'n'-sides; a classical throw-back striking closer to Lesbos than Sparta.

With clients like Jane Fonda, Rita Tushingham and Elizabeth Taylor on one side, Princess Lee Radziwill, Lady Sally Cavendish and the Duchess of Bedford on the other, they occupy the former London throne of Schiaparelli in Upper Grosvenor Street, Mayfair, a position where they can afford to be unperturbed. "We're not here to startle," they observe. "We just aim to make women desirable in new ways."

Raphael, half-French half-Italian, is the more mercurial of the pair: at 14, he joined the French Foreign Legion; later became successively a bull-fighter and a frogman—all before he was 19. With five languages, a storm-blue E-type, a plush mews flat at Hyde Park Corner and unmarried, he is centre of one of London's most eligible scenes.

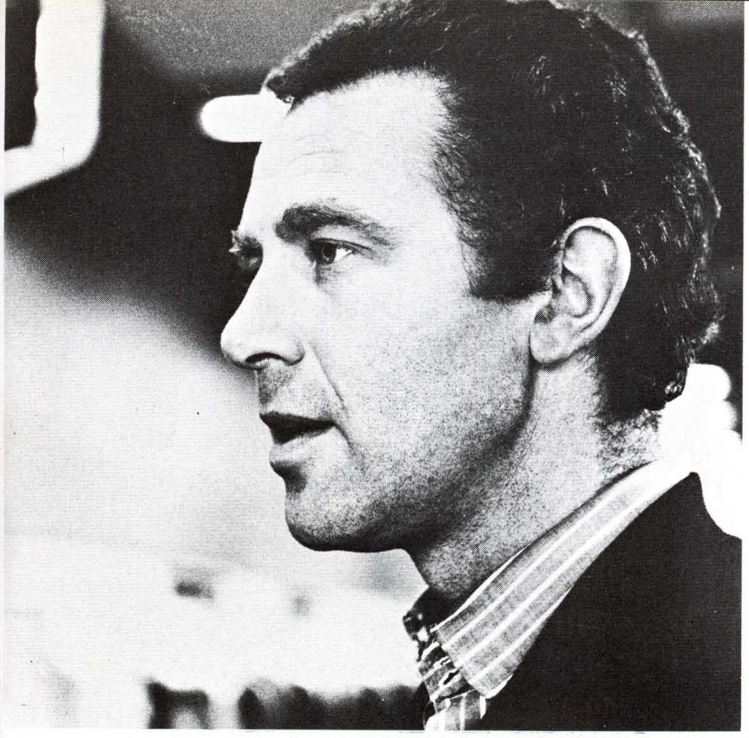
Leonard, who plays philosopher and administrator to the fiery theories and activism of Raphael, is London-born and married, with a son. Outside work, his passions are horse-riding and driving an aubergine Aston-Martin, the remnant of an ambition to be a racing driver.

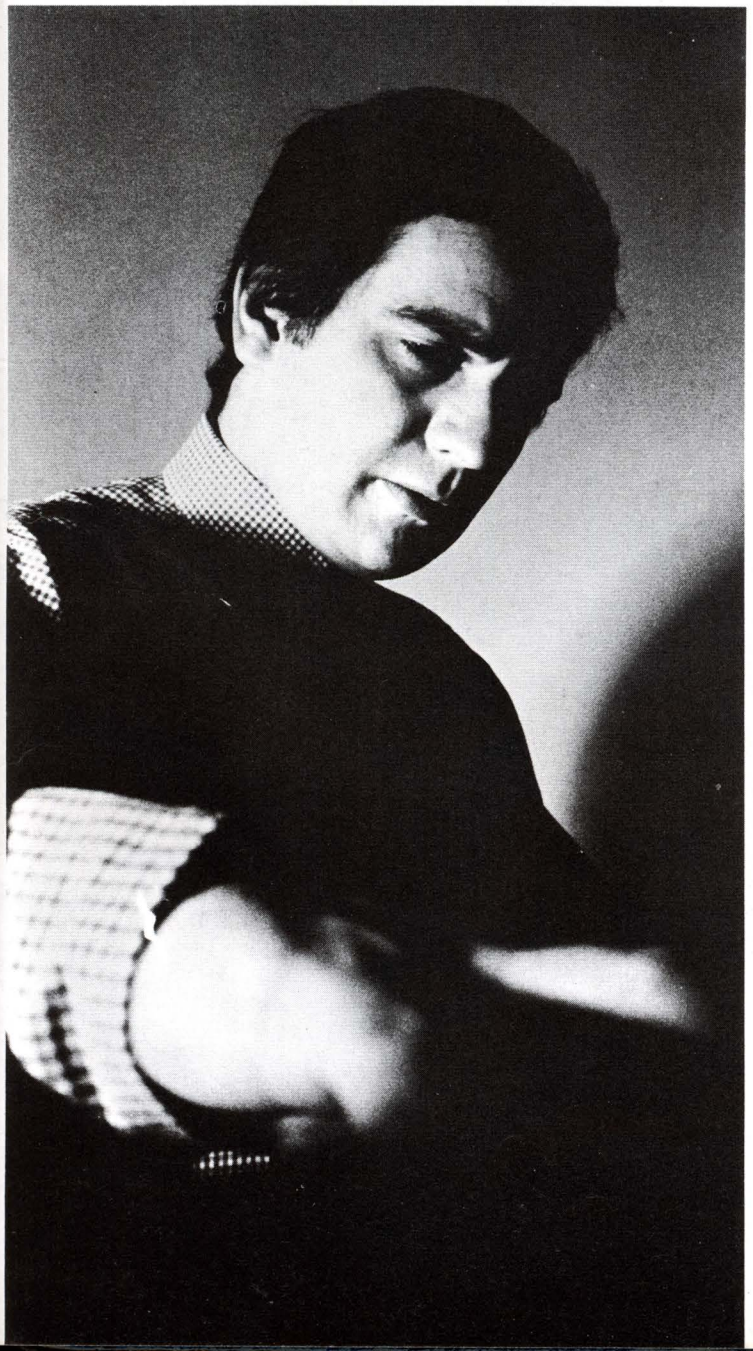
The partnership, started 3 years ago, has destroyed the image of women's hair-stylists as men driven to the trade by a basic bewilderment about their own sexual hormones. As men's men, interested in making desirable girls more desirable, they have attracted to their House of Beauty some of Britain's most beautiful and famous *femmes*. Unlike most, they work amidst a swirl of femininity—and get paid for the pleasure.

PHILIP SAVILLE - *blazingly different*

At 35, Philip Saville has cleared all the hurdles of post-war television experimentation and emerged as one of our half-dozen directors with distinctive values and a personal vision. His production of the Weill-Brecht musical *The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny* on BBC2 this month (a production thought impossible for the small screen) caps a crowded decade of pannings and plaudits. With many anxious eyes of the BBC hierarchy studying Saville's bid for TAM ratings, it is said that *Mahagonny* will act as bellwether for other difficult "restricted" spectaculars in the future. The fact that Saville was elected to handle the assignment is significant: he is a man who has handled difficult assignments before.

Married to playwright Jane Arden and with two mop-haired sons, Sebastian and Dominic, Saville has courted controversy since he first joined television. In 1959, he lit his first bonfire by pioneering the now generally denigrated "Kitchen Sink" dramaturgy with *Boy with a Meat Axe* and *The Thug*. Other controversies were lit by such productions as Jean-Paul Sartre's *Huis Clos* (in which Saville cast playwright Harold Pinter as the writer); *A Night Out*, one of Pinter's own; *Dark of the Moon*; and *Six Stayed the Night*. In his hands, even such seemingly safe ground as Shakespeare—*Hamlet at Elsinore*—upset blood pressure in purist quarters. **1**





1 *Raphael and Leonard*

2 *Philip Saville*

3 *Dudley Moore*

"The trouble with Saville," one expert commented, "is that he'll never do anything quietly: he *must* be blazingly different!"

'Different,' of course, should read 'original,' and this he indisputably is. Steeped in the philosophic thinking of Jaspers, Heidegger and Sartre, Saville is a mixture of Slavic culture (his great-great-grandfather was court jester to Czar Nicholas I) and (through his mother) the Germanic blood of the Tannenbergs. An existentialist obsessed by the schizophrenic condition of our times, Saville describes himself as an evolutionist seeking the shadow of future man. Certainly he is closer to the mainstream of European thinking than one might imagine comfortable in London.

Whether he will remain in television is problematic. With a first film, *The Logic Game*, entered for the London Festival and a second film planned, Saville is plainly turning his attention to wider screens. His choice will decide whether many of us stay at home or go back to the cinema.

DUDLEY MOORE - *death wish*

Dudley Moore may be one of the smallest musicians in the business, but for his height (5 ft. 2½ in.) he packs as much virtuosity as anyone in Town. At present working his way through *Not Only, But Also*, the BBC2 series with Peter Cooke, he describes himself as "one of those unfortunate people who does everything well." 'Everything', in his case, means composing (classical guying of Fauré and Beethoven, to revue ditties, pop tunes and dazzling jazz improvisations), playing piano, violin, organ, wit, *bon viveur*, mathematician and no-holds-barred hamming.

Today, at 29, Dagenham-born Moore, who won a singular place to Magdalen College, Oxford, as an organ scholar, is regarded on both sides of the Atlantic as Britain's embryonic Oscar Peterson. Moore succumbed to the coloured American pianist's magic about four years ago after first being weaned away from the classics as an undergraduate by Errol Garner. "My style is really an amalgam of both," he says, typically omitting his own contribution.

He is the first to qualify commendations with a shrug and the observation that he needs to practise more, absorb new technique to reinforce his phenomenal talent, and concentrate more on timing and phrasing. "Every day I vow I'll spend so many hours on the key-board, but it just never happens."

One easily sees why from the vast number of projects he works on simultaneously. After composing all the music for *Beyond The Fringe* and playing in it for three years, he is now working on a modern opera—has just recorded for Parlophone a disc entitled *Strictly For The Birds*—re-arranged for Jonathan Miller the music for the *Monitor* programme—plays irregular stands at the Marquee Jazz Club—has just completed a musical score for a BBC film, and is at present working on a new pop tune. "There's other things, too," he remembers sadly.

He sees the log-jam as a kind of temperamental death wish going back to when he was 14. "I was bullied and despised at school because I wanted to be a mathematician and was at the top—so I stopped working." The exchange of music for maths simply meant he became tops in another direction.

The result: between non-stop work and non-stop efforts to be popular (everyone *does* like him, anyhow!), Moore spends more time being a personality and too little time acquiring the real musical advances he needs. "I suppose," he confesses, "I mentally think it will come of itself, as everything else does."

LOVE & THE SPORTS

Clothes by Woollands. Mink by Denbenhams.

Former crack racing driver Jonathan Sieff, trying out the car ploy on Berlin fashion model Carla Heberle, experiments with moonlight, camp fire, and a sensuous £2,500 prop known as the Alfa Romeo 2600 Spider. The 'prop', like all prestige sports cars, is designed primarily to get you from one place to another – with Her. Listed among other darkly seductive features, this model boasts a forward thrust of 125 m.p.h., finger-tip manœuvrability, lap-soft bucket seats for you and her, and two more in the rear for fellow sports. *Photographs by Murray Irving.*

SCAR

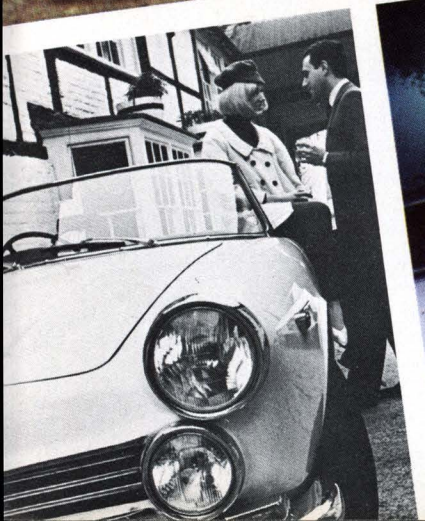
THE automobile, according to one research scientist, has a multiplicity of purposes: the least common of which is utilitarian. Unlike the horse—which has an unmistakable personality of its own—the private car is designed with a chameleon-like adaptability to suit the man (or woman, or family, or firm) that drives it. Above all, the car is a status symbol. Merely owning one puts you in a class apart from those who merely do not own one. You have the distinction of possessing hundreds (or thousands) of pounds worth of crude metal which has been boiled, beaten, twisted and licked into a voluptuous substitute for mother, mistress, power, masculinity, love, sex, isolation, success or any other area of human expression you may wish to give it.

The modern sports car, however, has a particular set of virtues bordering on the near-obscene. Today's models are designed by sex-orientated engineers who have succumbed to a kind of post-graduate merchandising mysticism known as motivational research analysis. Sex, which had long impressed itself on all other favourable areas of consumer merchandising, is now infiltrating heavy industry—the last bastion of British indifference to consumer demands.

Depth research into the buying habits of sports car enthusiasts, both at home and abroad, revealed a whole spectrum of new marketing possibilities. Motivation analysts discovered that people do not buy automobiles on a rational basis and that they are largely influenced by the dictates of their deeper sexual yearnings. Sports car buyers—when tested as a definitive group—revealed an almost universal need for sexual reassurance. Young men appeared to be seeking more ways of dramatically and forcibly manifesting their sexual prowess while older men sought ways of perpetuating it. In either case the sports car was exactly what the analyst had ordered.

Automotive engineers and designers were suddenly ordered to incorporate "sexual reassurance" into their latest models. Psychologists were hired to interpret the transition from psyche to steel, and marketeers were given the job of selling power, speed and performance as an adjunct or extension of sexual potency.

The plan was an immediate success. The perennial male dream had been encased in steel like a monument of modern, interpretive sculpture. Women, equally vulnerable to the subliminal appeal of merchandising symbols, succumbed to this powerful, gleaming and ferociously phallic image. As one industrial psychologist put it, "The sports car revolution represents a form of wish-fulfilment on wheels." The industry has never looked back since.



(*continued from page* 26) private drawer.

Now, while that which had been his everyday consciousness tried vainly to beat through the barrier of what it thought was an alien will, Francis Bacon lifted his telephone and asked for an outside line, saying to himself, "Eight hundred thousand ought to last me thirty years in Rio. . . ."

The Demon said to the Angel, "Well?"

"Well what?" asked the Angel, unperturbed. "Let us take a look at your dead-certain-in-the-bag Frankie the Hog."

"Oh *him*," said the Demon. "As you will."

"You sound cheerful," the Angel said.

"So I am," replied the Demon.

"Well," said the Angel, "we're only young once. Live and learn. Come on."

And on the word, they were at the bedside of Francesco Cura, better known—and more appropriately—as Frankie the Hog. The sobriquet had stuck to him since his childhood in the waterfront slums. It was not merely that he was an untidy and ravenous eater—he actually resembled that useful animal which people slandered when they referred to him. There was swinishness in the huge hinges of his jaws, and in his little red eyes; the power of the wild boar in his neck and shoulders, in his ferocity and his mad bravery. But he was also intelligent, in a debased kind of way; and cruel, which a boar is not.

He lived, now, in a penthouse with a private lift, above the fortieth floor of the Bothwell House on the promontory known as "Millionaires' Hill". First with fists and boots and broken bottles, then with knife and gun, he had kicked and hacked and blasted his way from the fetor of the Paradise Street tenements to his present eminence. Legitimately, he operated a chain of diners and a supermarket. Otherwise, he was a responsible distributor of narcotics, and a collector of the revenues therefrom. He was supposed to be a great man in The Organisation. Actually, his rank was equivalent to that of a captain of infantry in a lawful Army; only he did not know the names of his generals. Indeed, the very colonel of the battalion in which he commanded a company was not the man Frankie the Hog thought he was. For his was a world in which nobody knew anybody, and no one was trusted; a twilight world of ambiguities, sealed orders, and sudden disappearances.

That morning, Frankie the Hog struggled in the clutch of a curious nightmare; a bad dream about frogs. Not monstrous frogs, but pitiful frogs—frogs weeping! Awakening with a thumping heart, he wondered why. He had not eaten frogs' legs for supper. His head ached. It was not a hangover, for he drank sparingly—The Organisation didn't trust lushes. There was an indefinable pain somewhere in his chest. "Blood pressure?" he wondered, aloud. It could not be: his doctor had checked him thoroughly only two days previous. He tried to go back to sleep, but as soon as he closed his eyes, there were those frogs again, holding up their little green hands and trying to talk to him, their protuberant eyes brimming with tears; and this, to him, was indescribably horrible.

He sat up and looked at the other bed where his wife lay sleeping; and to his unspeakable disgust, he discovered that he was saying to himself, "Ah, Gina, poor little Gina, I've given you a hell of a time of it!" He was monogamous, because The Organisation preferred it that way; otherwise he would have got rid of her ten years ago. And here he was, thinking, "A little house, ranch-style, ten kids, a vineyard—that would have made you happy, poor kid!"

Then the frogs came back to memory, and he thought he must be going out of his mind. He went to the kitchen and filled a percolator—an action which, in itself, was remarkable, for he was the kind of man who would call a servant from the other end of the apartment in the middle of the night to pick up a pencil if he happened to drop one. He found a cold roast chicken in the colossal refrigerator, and ate while the water boiled.

Frogs? *What* frogs? Why *frogs?*

Now—and his hands almost refused to obey him—he put the coffee-pot and two cups and saucers on a tray, and carried it into the bedroom. His wife was just opening her sad black eyes. They filled with fright when she saw him offering her a cup of coffee. " 'Cesco!" she cried, "What's the matter?"

"Cuppa cawffee," said he, his features hideously distorted with genuine good will. His wife took the cup with trembling hands, staring at him. He felt that he ought to say something nice to her, just to cheer her up. He said, "Gina, ya still putty as a picture, though ya did put on weight." This compliment, uttered in Frankie the Hog's hacksaw-voice, and accompanied by his idea of a smile, so scared her that she screamed.

" 'Cesco! You've been taking—" She made a graphic gesture, holding a finger and thumb to one nostril and sniffing.

"No," said he. Then he snapped his fingers, and groaned, "Frogs! I got it!"

She did not know what he was talking about, but he remembered. Forty-five years ago, when he was only six years old, he and some other boys of his age were playing near a pond. One of them caught an exceptionally fine frog. "You gimme dat!" said Frankie. The boy would not, so Frankie took the frog by force, and then deliberately killed it in a manner which I will not describe here. It was then and there that he stamped the pattern for his future, for the sheer ferocity of the act inspired his companions with a kind of frightened, sickly admiration. Frankie would kill anything, Frankie would kill anybody! He was sorry, he was sick with remorse, but he dared not let the others see that.

Oh, Frankie the Hog remembered—he remembered now!

"Let 'em see you're soft, an'—" he began. Two great tears made his eyes sting. He blinked. The image of the frog came back at once; but this time it was clapping its hands and smiling. Then it disappeared with a bound. The pain in his chest was gone. He said, abruptly, "Gina . . . poor frog. . . ."

"You haven't called me by my right name for years," she said, sobbing.

"Gina, ya know them Christmas dinners an' Easter treats an' stuff I give away?"

"It comes off tax?" she said, wiping her eyes.

"I like to see the kids havin' themselves a ball," he said.

Then the telephone rang.

Frankie the Hog lifted the instrument. "Yeah?" he said. "Yeah. You do? . . . Be right over." He hung up, and there was bitterness in his eyes. "Do-gooders!" he said.

Then he shaved and dressed hurriedly, strapping on his holster and checking his pistol, as was his habit. He favoured a .358 Magnum, and this terrible weapon lay like a toy on his immense palm before he put it up. His specially-tailored suit concealed it. Dressed, he took from a secret place a heavy brief-case, tightly strapped: eight hundred thousand dollars in cash and bearer bonds.

He moved without thought, as it seemed, like a machine. But before closing the secret panel he paused, and took out a black notebook. This contained, in code, the names and addresses of four hundred narcotics agents in this and several other cities. He put it in his breast-pocket.

Before he left he pressed something into Gina's hand. "Keep it for me," he said, and patted her cheek.

When he was gone, she opened her hand and saw that it held her husband's safe-deposit-box key.

She crossed herself, and ran to the door. But Frankie the Hog was already on his way down-town accompanied by two of his lieutenants. One of them asked, "You okay, Chief?"

Frankie the Hog replied, "Shad-dap!"

The lieutenants exchanged glances. When they came to the Terwilliger-Frost building, he told them to wait. Then, carrying the brief-case, he went in.

He was shown into Francis Bacon's private office.

When they were alone, Frankie the Hog asked, "Where's the stuff?"

"Here," said Francis Bacon, handing him a wax-paper container. "One kilo of heroin, 99.99 per cent pure. Where's the money?"

"Here," said Frankie the Hog, opening the brief-case. He took the container. "One kilo, ha? That'll cut, with grape-sugar, to forty pounds. There's a hell of a lot of fixes in forty pounds of H." He spoke almost dreamily, if you can imagine a dreamy tone coming from a gaspipe while it is being sawn. "Hell of a lot of new customers, too, hmm?"

"No doubt," said Francis Bacon, with a shrug.

"You know, once you're in the racket, you're in," said Frankie the Hog. "There's only one way out."

"I am neither in nor out," said Francis Bacon, coldly.

"You never said a truer word," said Frankie the Hog, and shot Francis Bacon precisely in the centre of the chest.

Then he packed the container of heroin in his capacious greatcoat pocket, refastened the brief-case, and walked stolidly out, and the lift operator said afterwards that he heard him say, "Okay, frog?"

Now it happened that a lieutenant of detectives named "Square" John McCaughey was walking in the immediate neighbourhood about some other business. He saw Frankie the Hog's men waiting outside the Terwilliger-Frost building, and paused to investigate. Then Frankie himself came out, bloody-eyed, with foam at the corners of his mouth. He saw McCaughey, paused, and stepped towards him, reaching under his coat. Assuming that their chief was reaching for his pistol, the other two gangsters drew theirs.

McCaughey was a marksman, and one of the fastest men on the draw in the county. As Frankie the Hog's hand came free, the policeman snapped a shot at his shoulder. Fast draws seldom end in accurate shooting. McCaughey's bullet missed Frankie's shoulder and struck him in the side of the neck. His second smashed one of the other men's right arm. The third gunman raised his hands in surrender.

The street now seemed full of policemen. McCaughey bent over Frankie the Hog as he crouched on all fours in the slush. He saw that the wounded man had drawn, not a pistol, but a black notebook. "Grab that, copper," he said, "and that—and that—" He touched the brief-case and the place where the container bulged his coat. Then, the great artery on the right-hand side of his neck having been cut by McCaughey's bullet, he rested his head on his arms and died—at exactly the same moment in which Francis Bacon's bewildered soul left his shattered body in his office on the eighteenth floor of the Terwilliger-Frost building.

The Demon and the Angel intercepted the two souls in their flight.

"Nice work, I flatter myself," said the Demon.

"That," said the Angel, "is for the Judges to decide, you know."

"True," said the Demon, "but it's an open-and-shut case, as I see it. Aha! Here comes Counsel for the Prosecution!"

"Ah, the Accuser. I know him. The Defence is waiting for him," said the Angel. Then he addressed the souls of Francis Bacon and Frankie the Hog, freezing in the Outer Dark: "I'm sorry, gentlemen, but I must ask you to wait a little, while your cases are adjudicated."

So the two poor souls waited, torn with incommunicable sorrows and shames, lacerated by woes too keen for fleshly perception. And it seemed to them that they were damned to hang there for all eternity, for they were still aware of Time—which is only an illusion—and ten thousand years of Time as we measure it is a snap of the fingers to the Angels. Again, the duration of time is variable, according to the individual. A moment is an age to the restless, and ten ages to the cowardly. For all his bravery, Frankie the Hog was, as you have read, at bottom a coward fearing the censure of his fellows as he did; so the wait was longer for him than for the stoical Bacon. But for Bacon, too the ordeal was terribly severe, for his was a stern, critical soul, and sensibilities with which he must now examine himself were fabulously refined to the absence even of his austere body.

But at last Hell's Attorney returned.

"Sir?" the Demon asked, eagerly.

"We lost again on a technicality," the Attorney said. "The Court has found that Francis Bacon's life was a beautiful example of the triumph of Sublime Reason over Brute Instinct."

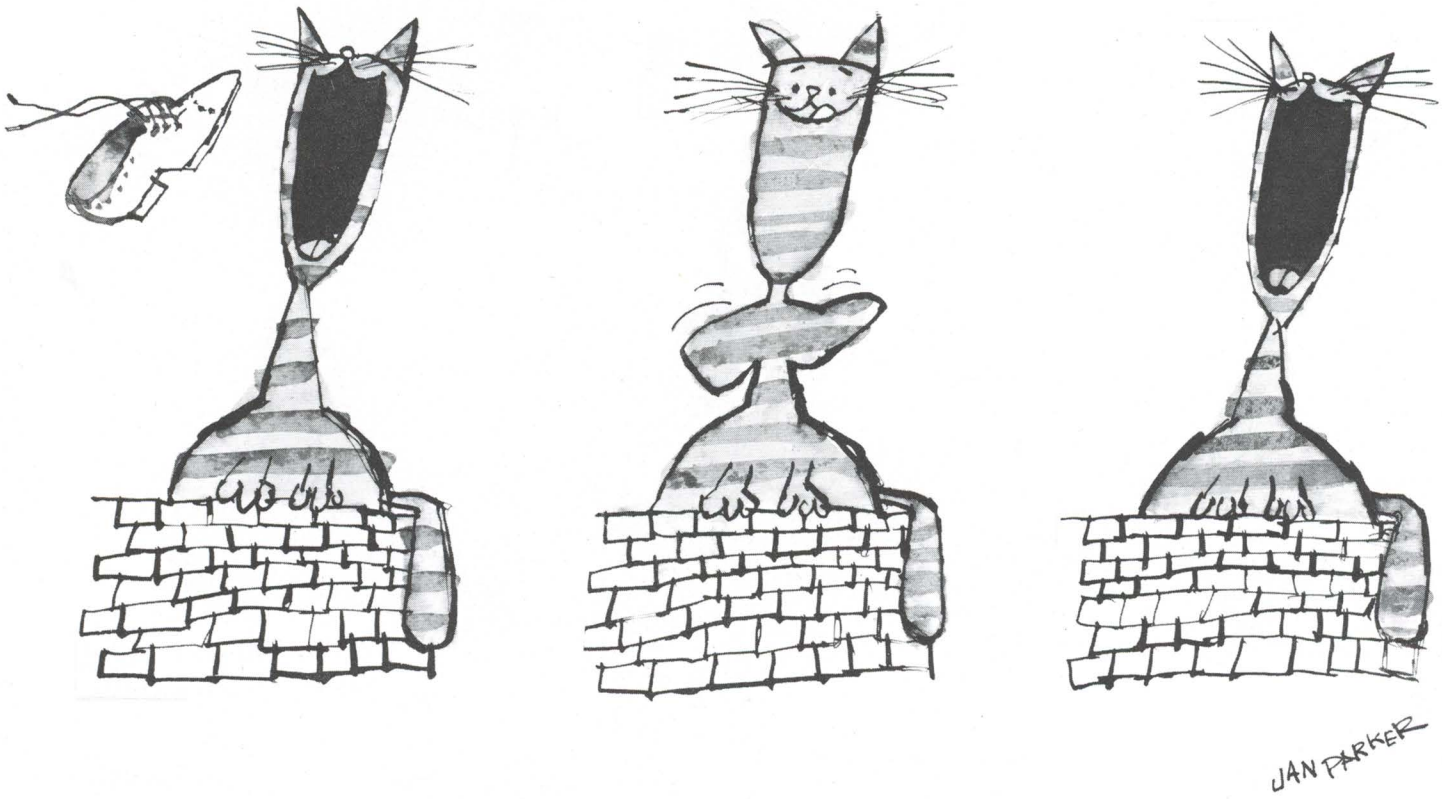
"But Frankie the Hog? Surely—"

"Surely what?" growled the Attorney. "The Court has found that Frankie the Hog's death was a beautiful example of the triumph of Sublime Instinct over Brute Reason."

"Come friends,," said the Angel, taking the two souls unto himself, "You must be tired. Let's rest a while."

The Demon, on his way to his place in the company of the Accuser, was disgruntled. "You just can't—" he began, and stopped himself, appalled.

He had almost said, "You just can't win"—which, by Hell's standards, is a most awful heresy, implying, as it does, that the day may come when the Devil himself will come to his senses in the Infinite Refinery, and, pleading guilty, throw himself upon God's mercy.



FUTURE FACES

Sabre-bright gleam the prospects ahead, for to the left and the right of you, each and every month of the year, will be seen shimmering the PENTHOUSE kind of girl. The kind of girl who can ignite your soul; fire-bearing redheads, blondes with the mist of love in their eyes, dark girls possessing sumptuous gifts. . . .

These sometimes-playful, sometimes-sad temptresses—peerlessly photographed by Britain's finest cameramen—are some of the beauties we have lined up for you in our coming issues.

Nowhere else on this earthly globe will you stumble upon a series combining such daring loveliness with an unequalled freshness of approach as you'll find right here at home in *your* PENTHOUSE.—And that's a promise.

But away with this idle chatter; why not cast a connoisseur's eye across these preview pages and discover which fair charmer comes closest to suiting your taste? She will be with us in her full glory soon.

But take all the time you want; the trip is specially designed to lighten these last chill winds of winter.

Vanessa Venturé (*opposite page*), rising film starlet with a romantic part in the coming spectacular *Lord Jim*, is caught for us by Peter Carapetian, whose camera brilliantly captures all the delicacy of her graceful, oriental beauty. **Linda Richie** (*above*), demonstrates in a fey mood even sackcloth and rocks are no hindrance to the girl with a whole world in other directions.

Louisa Cigarini (*facing page*) is a face familiar to *afficionadoes* of high fashion, but the real 35–24–35 her is less known. The daughter of Armando Cigarini, the great pre-war fashion photographer, Louisa is a contribution to any scene. **Nadia Urlov** (*below, left*) is one of the sprightlier sprigs of the Russian emigrée nobility settled in London. With her slim 35–22–35 figure a daily sight tripping along the Kensington Streets questing for antiques for the family business, she proves there's good contemporary things, too. **Annette Johnson** (*below*), one of the more dazzling morsels we uncovered among the bachelor-girls of London, anticipates our date ahead with a little prettifying in the boudoir of her roof-top hideaway. When alone, she's a girl who likes the sensual softness of angora against the skin, but out-of-doors her 36–23–35 is usually trimly encased in business-like serge, set off by a shorthand notebook under her arm. **Diane Morgan** (*bottom*) demonstrates the sparkling vitality and love of life that makes any party—or dip—fun. Tumbled honey-gold hair, wide blue eyes and a lot of laughter makes Diane a good companion for Everyman; with a 39–25–36 figure, for every connoisseur of that, too!

Gorgeous **Deborah White** (*above*), captured by photographer Roy Rouch, is high among the girls who minted the Chelsea image, making it convertible gold to every aspiring dolly from Land's End to J-o'-G. **Maureen Donavan** (*left*), a fiery Celtic mixture of blue-stocking feminism and dreamy *ingenue*, arrestingly airs her views for our cameraman—and who could say No! **Vivienne Warren** (*below*) is a sparkling descendant of Holinshed, the historian who gave Shakespeare ideas. She's proof that the Holinsheds are still in business, giving them to us.

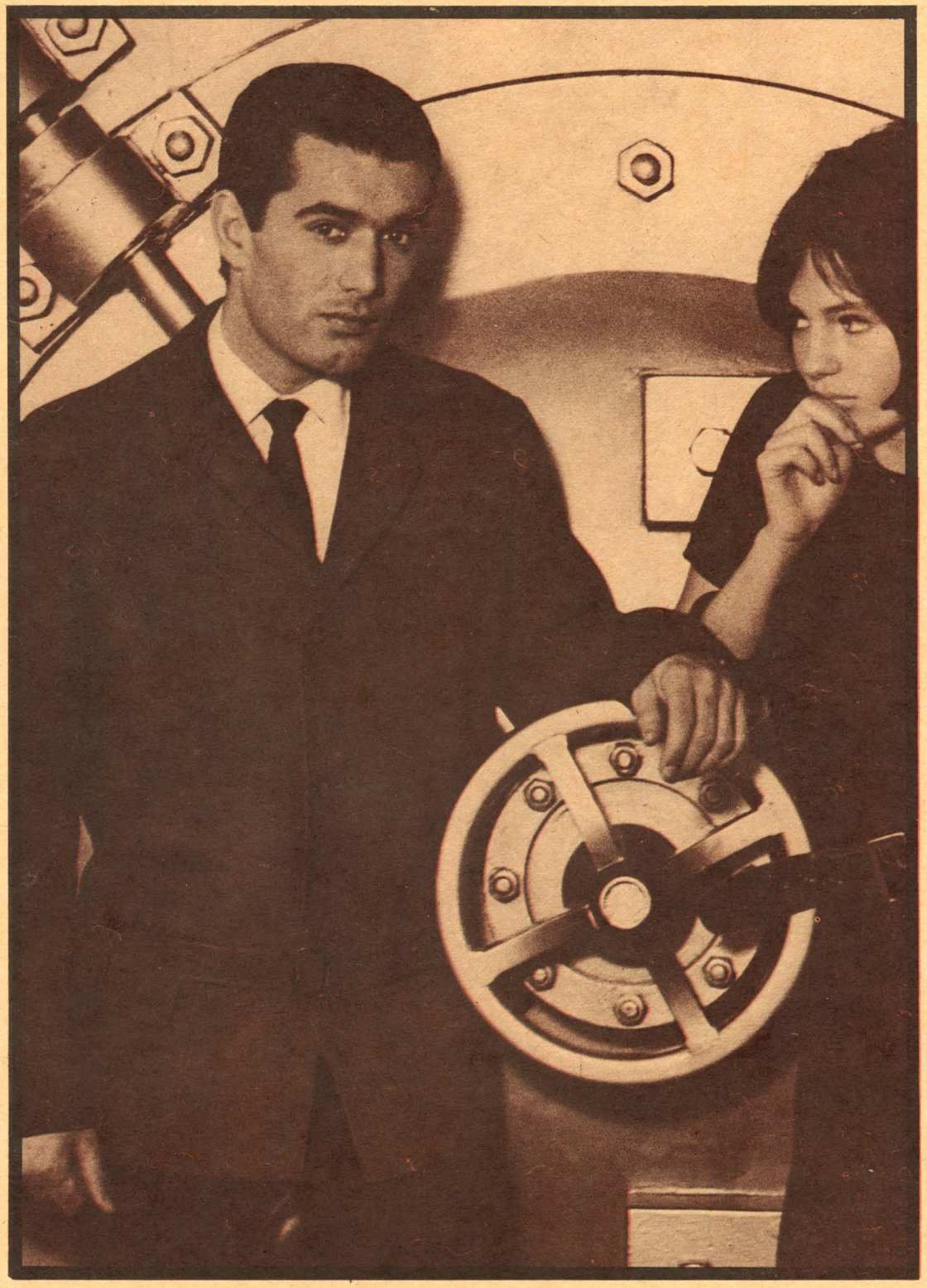
ON THE WAY UP

Get Moving International-Class. (That's the Penthouse Style.) This young man is moving up. Also getting-in-on-the-ground-floor. The scene he is making here is the Hilton Hotel, a good International sort of ambience, zingy with money-in-motion like an airport terminal. This one happens to be in London, but this young man would go places anywhere. Especially in his short cotton poplin rain-cape, coloured burgundy. From the Hardy Amies range, and £7 10s. from the Hardy Amies boutique in Woollands, Knightsbridge.

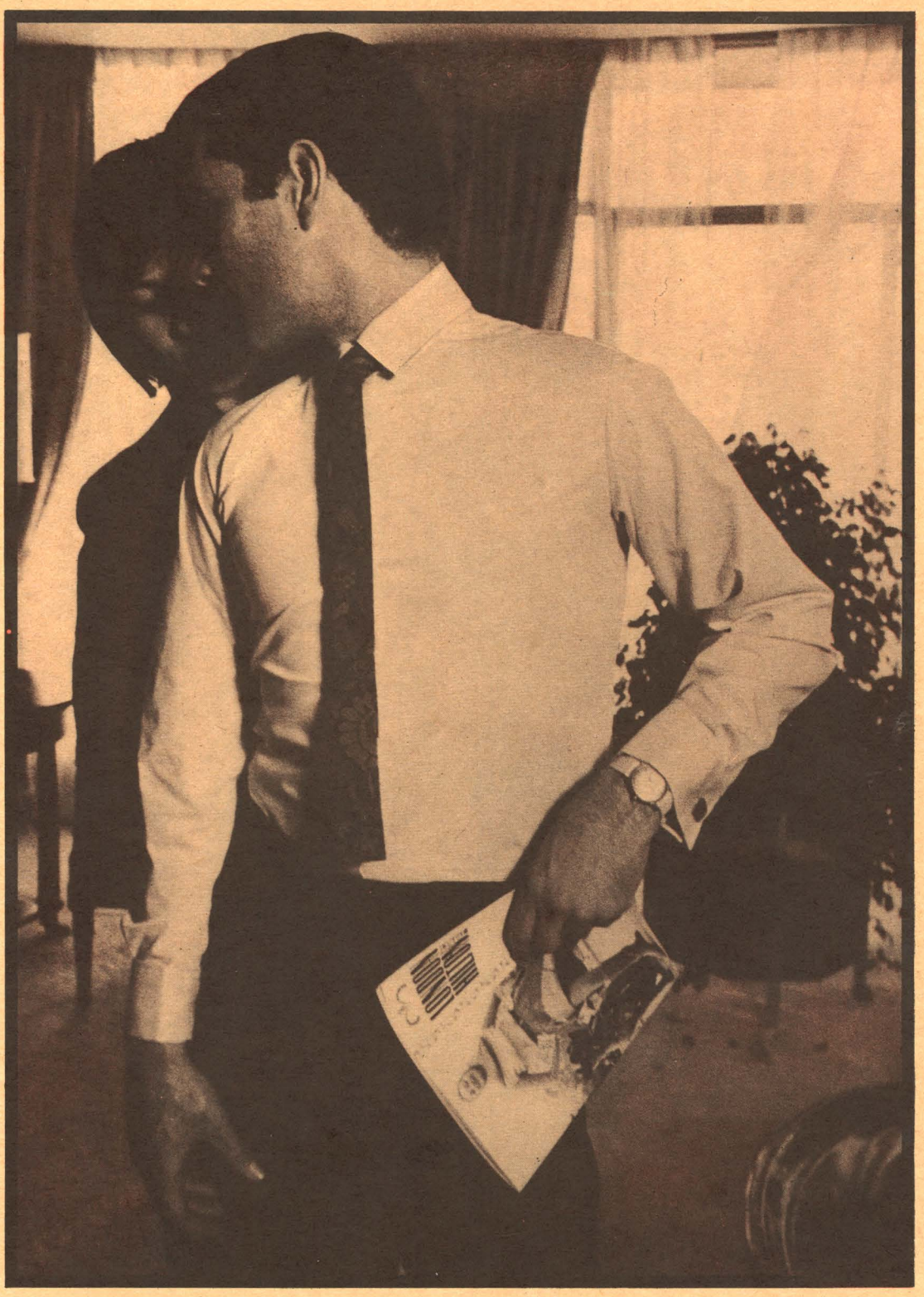
Photographs by Roy Cuthbert

For the man of intentionality, the man with places to go, people to see, the man on public (or secret) business, fashion is a question of getting the right clothes at the best time: and the best time is at the start of a style, before everyone else is sporting it. For there is no doubt about it, gentlemen, when the gold of discreet sartorial remarkability becomes the dross of popularity, it is time to change skins—quickly. ■ Changing skins is something that needs nerve, judgment

Getting Away with Something Ambitious! This is the identical safe that Goldfinger failed to get away with recently. But then Goldfinger never quite had that Penthouse Style. . . . Safes, banks, hearts, whatever it is you want to break, this is the stylish getaway kit. A natural-coloured suede jacket, with a detachable low-slung belt, from Sweden. About £29 from Caren Carlstedt. And, looking like that, a young man can get away with absolutely anything. (Anyway, that's what *she* thinks.)



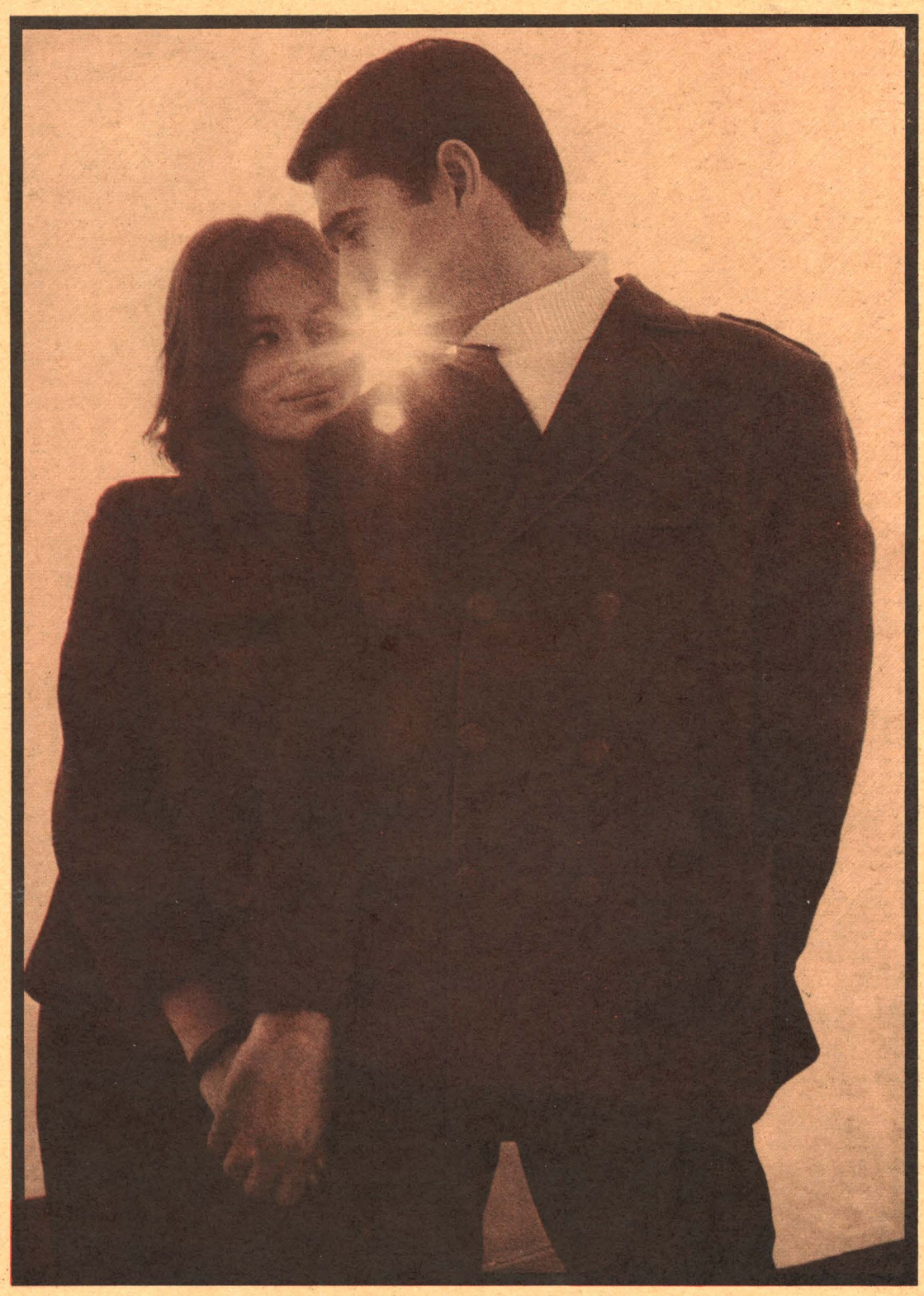
and knowledge: always the elements conditioning the trend-setting minority from the plodding columns behind that extinguish the excitement on arrival. In this brief time margin—two or three months, maybe—one has the choice of being inimitably eccentric (wrong direction!), or a pathfinder—because you are right. ■ PENTHOUSE, as a modest prediction, will help with compass bearings on this narrow path, and also help sculpt an image good for the few before the rest get it—and we go! Our aim—and we have formed a fashion-team of designers, writers, stylists and photographers for just this—is to give you



Still going up-and-up. Where has he got to now? This is the Hilton Penthouse itself, of course. Where else can our young man go, Penthouse Style? And she seemed to be warming to him. He has chic, a quick chic. And now he has a quick chic chick. And he is wearing a bold Liberty-print straight-cut tie, worn over a washed-out-blue shirt, with a fly front. Tie £1 5s. 11d., and shirt £2 5s. 0d. from Victoria and Albert Boutique, 28 Victoria Grove, W8. . . . Yes, she is definitely warming. Or, maybe it's just the altitude.

what's in, what's out, what's coming and what isn't. ■ The field for the male with advanced sartorial tastes is vast: imported cloths, patterns and styles are revolutionising male clothing dramatically, changing a sector and psychology that have been static too long. The experiments going on in Paris, West Germany, Italy, as well as London and New York are creating changes from the sauve to the swashbuckling, from diplomatic grey elegance to chunky informals. ■ With exclusively male designers like John Stephens and John Michael finding hitherto all-woman designers like Hardy Amies, Jacques Fath, Carven of Paris—

Young Man Hits the Top! Plenty of room for anything up there, and London spread below, like a bowl of neon cherries, all for this young man, Penthouse Style. The dolly has been watching him on his way up, and, yes, he *has* changed. Several times, in fact, but each of the changes has suited him. This last change was into a Navy reefer jacket, with deep side-vents, £7 7s. from John Stephen, Carnaby Street, W1, and branches. And the young man definitely suits her, Down to The Ground. Or, for that matter, Up on The Roof.

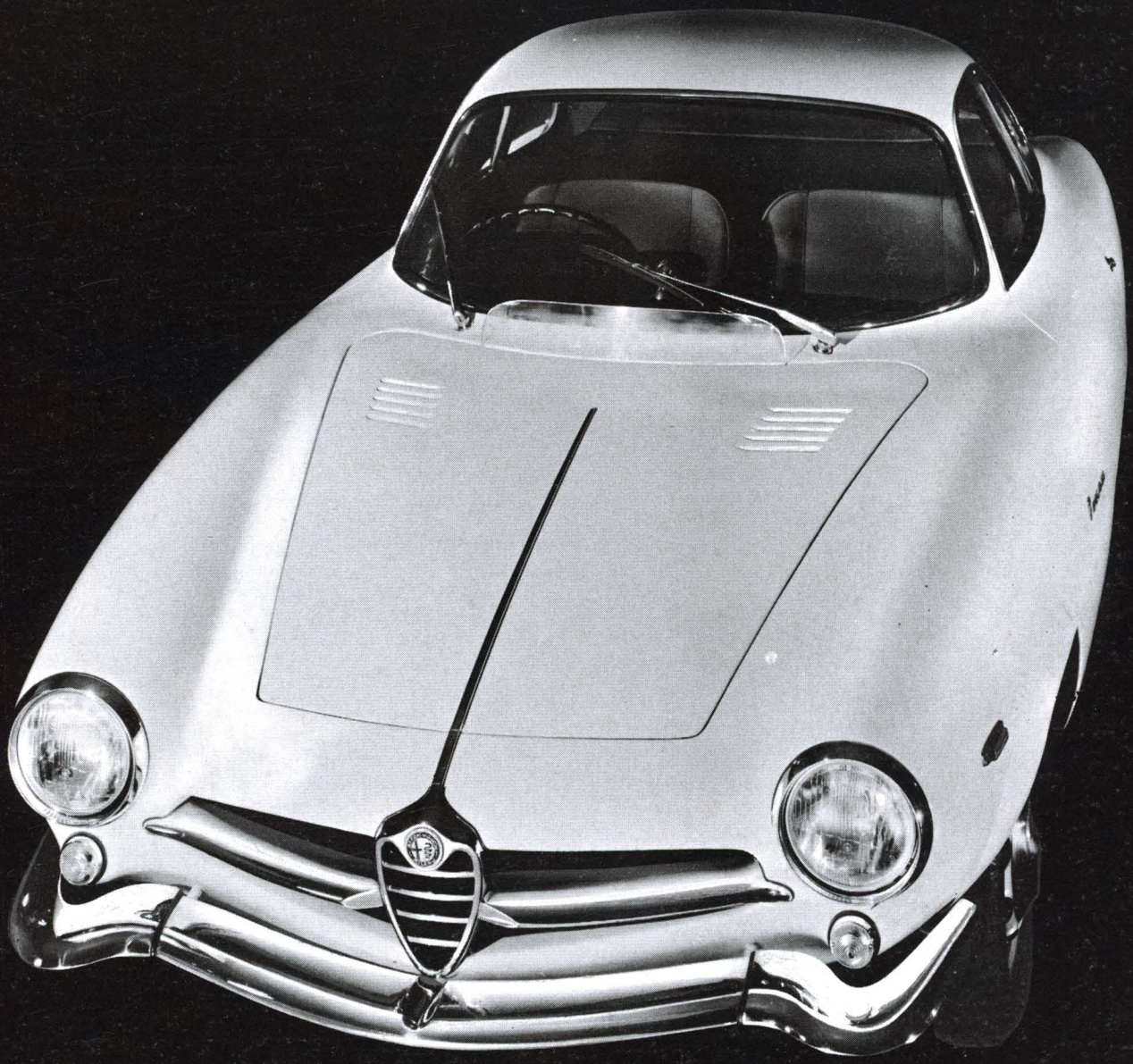


even Dior—turning their speculations our way, 1965 looks like offering us a variety of images for Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. In other words, we are in for an exciting time. ■ We are predicting that everything in the wardrobe is down for change—replaced by clothes to ride a train to Bucharest, promenade the shores of Ankara's Golden Horn; non-crease suits for jet flights to New York, and lean-style tuxedoes to recompense table losses at Monte Carlo. ■ Coming to the end of the cold, we can look forward to the first lightweights already on their way to us. The heavy tweeds and the falling leaves are something we don't have to care about for quite a while!

For those with taste and the money to indulge it—the Alfa Romeo Giulia S.S. Here's a 2-seater coupe of immense distinction... with the kind of acceleration and road-holding you expect from an Alfa... with a 1570 cc, 129 bhp engine and a top speed of over 125 mph... with twin choke carbs, disc brakes, 5 forward gears, a wrap-around screen and a body shape that says, clearly, 'Bertone'. Expensive? Of course it is! What else would you expect a hand-built Alfa to be?

ALFA ROMEO

Hand built....and decidedly expensive



The Alfa Romeo Giulia S.S. will cost you £2394.1.3. incl. PT. To arrange a test drive with your nearest dealer, get in touch with Alfa Romeo (G.B.) Ltd., 164, Sloane Street, London, S.W.1. Telephone: BELgravia 7746/7/8.

SYMPOSIUM

(*continued from page* 14)

a failure even by the fairest-minded critics on the ground of its difference.

□But I think a creative artist only reaches maturity when he realises the loneliness of his position, and so-called critics accelerate this process by their half-wittedness. So even the worst of them serve a good function, I think.

PENTHOUSE: Have any of you suffered from censorship in other directions?

DEL RIVO: I was asked to change the occasional four-letter word in *The Furnished Room* by my publishers. I didn't make a fuss about it because it didn't seem terribly important.

SILLITOE: I didn't have any trouble with *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* in publishing it, if that's what you mean; no trouble at all. That only came with the film version. In the book there's an abortion scene, you might remember; and the girl brings it off. But in the film she wasn't allowed to, which was a monstrous thing because it was a very big part of the story's plot. The story hinged on it, and the back of the story was broken when it was changed.

WILSON: I ran into trouble with the first of my novels, *Ritual in The Dark*. It's about the only case, though, where I can honestly say I didn't have the freedom to write—or rather, publish—what I wanted. My hero finds that he is sometimes sexually impotent because he is self-divided. His mind, as it were, rejects what his body is quite willing to accept—some attractive but moronic female. He makes the mistake of supposing that a sexual murderer may be driven by the same self-division—a need to possess the girl's body without contact with her mind. So I deliberately made the theme of necrophilia an undercurrent throughout the novel, and referred several times to the celebrated case of Sergeant Bertrand. My publisher cut out all these relatively harmless references because he thought they were nasty, on that ground robbing the novel of a whole dimension of meaning.

HOLROYD: But then some publishers go the other way entirely. They simply see sex as a potential money-spinner and haven't any hesitation about offering it.

TROCCHI: Money-making is most publishers' motive for bringing out any book. That's nothing extraordinary—it's only extraordinary when they put their scruples and principles first. As for censorship in relation to my own work, it's a continuing battle that goes on without interruption! I regard all censorship as a dangerous impertinence. Obscenity is always in the mind, my mind; and yet it is never "my" mind the censor is worried about, never himself, always other people, especially children. And yet, as Kathleen Nott pointed out in the trial of *Cain's Book* in Sheffield, by the time a child is capable of reading such works, his sexual characteristics have been set for close on a decade. Psychiatrists are pretty much agreed that he sucks in his perversions with his mother's milk and that the "corruption" is complete by the time the child goes to school. And even if this weren't so, I should still be against all forms of censorship on the grounds that the criterion of "judgment" is always prejudice out of the "bad old days" and that it is precisely this way of going about things that makes ours such a perilous age to live in. The question of what should be banned is a dangerous pseudo-problem: and I'm sure that the day will come quite soon when the mass of men suddenly realises this: only when all obscenity and pornography is permitted will humanity be able to transcend what is vulgar and uncreative. Censor anything and you send it underground where it pullulates and bursts out with two heads instead of one. These censorship laws, in so far as they persist in treating men as irresponsible children, render them incapable of ever becoming adult.

PENTHOUSE: Do you consider that pornography represents a real problem to society?

DEL RIVO: Good Lord, no! There's no more danger from that direction than there is from Life itself. And who wants to go through life untouched and—if you like—uncorrupted? I think we'd all define that state not as something good, but just ignorance.

HOLROYD: I don't think it matters either. Pornography is only really pornography because it's an escape. Any fool can write pornography, simply because the subject in itself is so enormously interesting. And any fool can take a pornographic photograph. But it's a different thing to take a photograph of, say, a vase of flowers. That's difficult. Rather because one starts on a basis of non-interest.

□I've never seen what all the fuss is about, or why the Archbishop of York should spend his time fulminating against it. I should have thought pornography was the least harmful branch of literature. Certainly I've never yet come across any case where a person has been forced to read it. So where's the problem?

□With the young it really doesn't make any difference, because really I should imagine that at the time when 99 per cent of the population was completely illiterate there was a great deal more sexual activity of all kinds, normal and abnormal, than there is now. So far as I know, most sex criminals are subnormal and aren't products of pornography at all.

□No, I certainly wouldn't say that pornography is harmful, and I think its potency as a corruptive influence is wildly exaggerated. I think it's one of the myths of the twentieth century—one of the host that waste public time, and the time of our courts.

HOPKINS: I regard pornography as one of the greatest threats to society simply because people *are* so starved and so unimaginative about sex. Pornography reminds them of the fact: it touches on that raw side where inhibitions cease to operate and ecstasy, for many people, begins. It's the near side of ecstasy on the way to the far side, where religious revelations and the miraculous start. Sex is one of the very few powerful dynamos that drive all men and women to break through habits, values and codes. In applying fuel to this potential firing point, we creators have a weapon for toppling everything, for good or bad as we choose. I certainly don't take the view that pornography is childish and of no account. It's also a grave mistake, I believe, to regard it as unrelated to anything worth the attention of serious minds. Pornography is perpetrated because it carries the shock and excitement of reality to every unfulfilled puritan. To healthy people, of course, it has no such effect; but since ours is still a puritanical society, despite its recent surface changes, pornography is really a challenge with endless consequences.

WILSON: I think moral standards really are changing, and although it's a moot point whether literature is leading the way or just reflecting what's happening, I don't think there's all that much of a separation now between what's said and what's done.

PENTHOUSE: Do you think the importance of writers will increase, or diminish in the foreseeable future?

TROCCHI: Hell, no! I can see our children thinking and expressing themselves visually, and most of our major artists using television and the cinema more and more. I'm not saying writing won't be done; of course it will. But not to the extent it has been up to now, and this is something we have to take into all our calculations.

SILLITOE: In England we haven't been very important at all up to now, but this is certainly changing and will continue to do so. But I see that in a rather gloomy light. If our importance diminishes it will be very sad, because society will be losing its brains and we'll be losing our living. On the other hand, if our importance in society increases, that means more publicity—and all publicity is destructive. As it's meant to be, I should add. It destroys the writer's standing with the public in the sense it cheapens him; and it destroys the writer's appreciation of himself and therefore destroys his possibilities in the future, where these two aspects merge.

DEL RIVO: I agree that the writer's importance will certainly increase in the future. Not that it has much bearing on one's work, of course. But as far as publicity is concerned, clearly the thing has to have limits. A lot of it is unnecessarily absurd and nasty, of course. But a certain amount is justified. What a writer has for breakfast and what sort of socks he wears, is irrelevant. But if a writer comes out with some firm moral or social judgment and his own private life contradicts what he professes, or shows some special personal reason for him saying something, surely this should be known?

WILSON: Around the time that *The Outsider* was published, I had reporters and photographers breaking into my flat while I was out, my private diaries were removed and offered for publication, the 'phone never stopped ringing, the door knocker never

stopped falling, and I ended up in a state of siege! And then what was generally printed in the Press was a complete travesty of the things I actually said! So I completely agree with Alan about the destructive aspects of publicity. But again it's part of the price we have to pay for occupying any position of importance in society—and I certainly think our importance will continue to grow. But as someone who's been driven out of London by the Press, I'd say the prospect's a grim one where publicity's concerned.

HOLROYD: The danger of publicity is that one can easily become a dupe of it oneself. The answer is to live well away from the centre, where one isn't so accessible. As Wilson does now in Cornwall, and I do in Sussex. There's certainly not much hope of getting any peace in London, or getting any creative work done. As for our importance increasing or decreasing, I don't see how it can help increasing; after all, there aren't that many sensible people in public life.

PENTHOUSE: Trocchi has said that the new generations will turn to television and the cinema as creative outlets in the future, by-passing the printed word. What do you feel about that?

DEL RIVO: Yes. There's a real danger of that happening. But I think the answer will be in a new kind of novel that will reflect life in its entirety much more honestly than ever before.

SILLITOE: And I think it's time we recognised a few home-truths along the way, too. For instance, I think sex and love are on their way out as themes. Something new has got to come. I'm not sure what it's going to be, but it's got to be something powerful and immediate to everyone. Something that everyone can identify himself with, and feel passionately about. I keep asking myself what, but I haven't come up with a satisfactory answer yet. I've simply formulated three words for myself which are aimed in the direction I want to go. The words are: patience, subversion, and art.

TROCCHI: I think the novel, as such, has pretty well had it! Of course, I'm not saying that novels won't continue to be written for ever—they might, I don't know. But I don't think there's going to be much new significant discovery done in the novel as things stand, and I feel this element of discovery is essential to all "Moderns" that I find worthwhile.

WILSON: Frankly, unless a novel is a vehicle for ideas, it simply doesn't interest me. I'm sure many people feel the same way. The dreary stream of novels pouring from publishers every week with the same awful plots and repetitive stupid characters just isn't fit for adult minds. Whether or not this type of novel lives or dies is a matter of complete indifference to me. But if the novel has a future with intelligent people it will depend on changing to what the Germans call a *Bildungsroman*, or the novel of ideas. If this happens then the novel of the future will have to concern itself with the central problem of our civilisation: the growing lack of self-belief in Western Man, the fact that he is a victim to the fallacy of his own insignificance. That's something we have to stop decisively.

PENTHOUSE: One last question. Does a new age calling for a new kind of novel require new kinds of heroes and heroines?

SILLITOE: A new type of man, yes. I hate the word "hero". I'd say this type of character would have to be a man whose interests and actions reflect enough of society to make him absolutely fascinating, and yet be quite different from others. A man firmly entrenched in his own time, but with a large part of him going forward somewhere. This is something I'm fiddling around with in a novel I've just written called *The Death of William Posters*, but I can't talk very much about it because I'm still on the third draft and still shifting things about a bit. Perhaps it will illustrate what I mean, or something close to it when it comes out. But I do believe that writers have got to have this sort of responsibility, and not just fiddle about with stupid characters who are in love—people who come to a climax simply through some idiotic turn of moral laxity!

DEL RIVO: I should like to see heroes who are involved on a world scale. After all, our scientific knowledge has made us creatures of the whole universe. As specks on an insignificant planet, circling a mortal sun in a vast, meaningless universe, it's up to us to impose a meaning on it. We must create a practical humanist philosophy, including World Government, distribution of knowledge and resources, and the problem of leisure. We live in critical times; when God "died", Man came of age. Our nuclear weapons mean that, unless we exercise our new adult responsibility, we'll destroy ourselves. That's a struggle that could produce a whole gallery of the type of men and women who are almost unknown in novels today. The sort of people that offer great opportunities for the new realistic novel, I think.

HOLROYD: I think the only things that the public reject are pessimism, defeatism and boredom. You must remember that the majority of people live very different lives, and very much on whatever promises them an escape from it. Promises, I may add, that very rarely materialise. But I don't think there's any reluctance about going on reading the present kind of *good* novel, so long as a high level is kept up and never allowed to fall below a reasonable limit.

WILSON: There's a whole prism of possibilities for creating new men, you know. That's not the difficulty. What's going to be hard is resolutely keeping the spineless sort of hero down, and fools relegated from central roles to subsidiary character studies.

HOPKINS: I don't see any difficulty, either. But, as Alan Sillitoe says, critics will be an awful obstacle to this sort of challenge. I can't see any alternative to a full-scale war over the novel in the next few years. I only hope the public will have the sense to pick their way through the battle and buy heavily-attacked books in preference to those that win the choruses of approval. It takes intellectual courage to flout fashion, of course, but I really do believe an increasing number of people are beginning to understand the issues involved behind the novel. If I'm right, then the current crop of hack critics is finished and there's a bright prospect for adventurous experimentation in literature, and for our culture as a whole.

TROCCHI: I think the battle is much wider than that; one that is concerned with the removal of the whole Establishment that opposes change in any shape or form. Sometime in the future I think there's going to be a seizure of expressional media by intelligent groups who are largely underground in the sense that they're not going to be label-able. It will be a largely out-flanking operation that will never meet the Establishment head-on, but will be organised in such a way as to remove the power from the hands of the dangerous men endangering our whole future without disastrous collisions. You know? Simply by perverting, corrupting, polluting and using the great variety of techniques possible within legality.

□I feel Colin Wilson is right in noting in his books that this revolution that's happening is essentially religious. Although perhaps not in the way that the Church of England might understand. And today it's being translated into effective action in all sorts of spheres especially by writers in revolt like ourselves.

(*Addenda on page* 71—*Ed.*)

The Crossroads of Morality

(*cont., from p.*44)

connection with the other animals by denying his body.

This arbitrary mind-body separation, ironically coming out of Persia, resulted in a hatred of the flesh (which could not be successfully denied) and manifested itself primarily in an attempt to spiritualise the sexual experiences. By way of this error, the Christian went against his nature and paid a terrible price in mental, emotional and physical illness; but he also brought something valuable into the world—psychical elements which, properly blended with physical ones, proved capable of greatly enriching human sexual relationships. It is this great discovery that the Moslem has never fully grasped and that the West has to offer him and many other Africans and Easterners.

When the Sudani girl, just married, spends her wedding night with the bridegroom's friends, much or all that is mentally and emotionally enriching in the union of male and female is entirely wanting. She has no more to offer her husband sexually, and he has no more to offer her, than was available in the orgiastic celebration.

But when the terrified, sobbing, frigid bride lies down with the anxious, impotent groom, we have the opposite extreme, largely peculiar to the Western world.

Somewhere in between lies the coming together of healthy, desiring, loving human beings—and in the area of human sexuality it is just here that East and West must and, some day, shall meet.

(*continued from page* 30)
will, I think, be helpful. In all vertebrates, two of the primal drives are fear and hostility, the one tending to escape from danger by fleeing or by specialised methods like freezing, crouching or shamming dead, the other tending to spill over into active fighting. In both cases, a low arousal of the drives results not in action but in so-called intention movements. The moderately alarmed creature adopts an attitude of readiness to swim, run, or fly away; the moderately angry one adopts a threat attitude, in mammals expressed by bristling of fur, baring of teeth, snarling, and in general making themselves look larger and more dangerous. And of course the same sort of thing, but with psychosocial elements added to physical expression, occurs in ourselves.

Aggression, in the broad sense of an innate tendency to anger and hostility, as Konrad Lorenz has demonstrated with devastating clarity, is biologically useful and indeed necessary, serving to protect the species against predators and the individual against competitors, especially competitors for mates or breeding territories.

He also debunks the popular idea that aggression can be equated with predatory attack, and that creatures like wolves are especially aggressive, while non-predatory herbivores are harmless and non-aggressive. In fact, the contrary is true. Lions and all other predators are not angry with or hostile to their prey: when hunting they are alert and interested, and their expression is totally different from when they are threatened by a rival or by their only real enemy, man. On the other hand, herbivores like buffaloes and rhinos, elephants and deer are chock-full of aggression, and are often more dangerous than lions or tigers.

How is this universal aggressive drive to be prevented from damaging one's own species? The problem becomes especially acute in creatures which are powerfully equipped with weapons of attack, and are also brought into close contact with each other.

In both cases, a combination of fear and anger—in other words potential hate—readily arises. In wolves, for instance, angry quarrels over food or status in the social hierarchy are frequent, and the stronger could readily kill the weaker. To avoid this disadvantageous result, a special built-in behaviour mechanism has been evolved. The loser in a fight suddenly ceases fighting and adopts a submissive attitude, exposing his vulnerability to the full. This elicits a built-in response from the victor, who is automatically inhibited from continuing his attack. The result is an essentially peaceful society, in which fear and aggression exist but do not lead to killing.

An ethnologist friend of mine has even been able to apply the principle when he has been involved in a spot of traffic trouble. By exhibiting really convincing appeasement behaviour, he has "got away with murder" in the slang sense (instead of avoiding it in the real sense as animals do).

In the so-called "courtship" of vertebrates a dilemma always lurks. Sexual attraction compels the close approach of two individuals: and the close approach of two individuals provokes hostility or aggression, usually coupled with fear. How can the aggression be prevented from hindering the mating process or even damaging the prospective mate?

"Now that completes our study of the life cycle of the fruit fly!"

The simplest method is to re-direct the aggression against another object. This is what we find in Fighting Fish and various other aquarium fish. The males of these are very aggressive in defending their nest territory against intruders. If a single pair is put in a single small aquarium, the only outlet for the male's aggressive drive is his own mate, and he will bully, damage and even kill her. But supply him with a mirror, or, still better, divide the aquarium into two with a glass plate and put another pair in the second half, and he will spend all his aggression in threatening his rival (or his own image, which he takes for a rival), and leaves his mate in peace.

In many land vertebrates, from lizards to birds and mammals, actual fighting between rival males has been replaced by ritualized threat, in which each contestant is made to look as formidable as possible. Lorenz calls such encounters *tournaments:* they might equally well be called *bluff.* Anyhow, the bluffing threat-ritual manages to eliminate dangerous combat—just as in the good old days sending a battleship to a trouble-spot prevented serious violence.

In birds, the situation is usually more complex and more interesting. The close approach of cock and hen in courtship generates a compound of fear and hostility. This mixture of conflicting emotional drives is then expressed by a blend or mixture of intention movements, a compromise or sometimes an alternation between escape and threat attitudes.

Sometimes, however, the energy of the conflicting drives spills over into a new channel, giving rise to some quite irrelevant behaviour like preening. Such spill-over actions are technically called displacement activity. (Scratching our heads when we are puzzled is a human displacement activity.)

To prevent actual escape or attack, and to utilise the results of conflict situations to the best advantage, the ambivalent intention attitudes and the displacement activities have, through natural selection in the course of evolution, been formalised or ritualized and gradually made biologically useful. One way is to make them effective as part of the display ceremonies which promote successful mating, as has happened with the displacement-preening of ducks or the head-flagging ceremony of gulls: for the fascinating details I must refer readers to Tinbergen's *The Study of Instinct.* Another and even more remarkable achievement is to convert these resultants of conflict into emotional bonds which tie the mated pair together throughout the whole breeding season, as happens with the spectacular displays of grebes and herons; or even for life, as with geese.

In geese, the basis of the emotional bond is a wonderful mutual display christened the triumph ceremony by Lorenz. This seems to be the most satisfying activity of the bird's existence, more sought after even than copulation. Lorenz points out that this bond is so strong just because it contains such a powerful dose of aggression. Under exceptional circumstances the bond may

break, and then the most vicious fights will break out between the apparently well-adjusted and well-satisfied partners. Indeed this seems to be the only well-documented example among animals of anything that we can truly call hate, any continuing emotional state springing from the combination of fear and hostility. After the outburst of violent fighting the two members of the once-affectionate couple dislike each other's presence, and if forced into close proximity, will walk past each other with averted glances in stiff and embarrassed dislike, just like you or me. How illuminating to find that the love-hate relationship can operate in avian as well as in human couples!

The point of this digression into animal behaviour is, I hope, clear. It is that, though potential aggression is contained in all situations where conflicting or ambivalent emotions are involved, it can be prevented from becoming overt, and can even be turned to desirable uses. In animals this is accomplished by the slow workings of natural selection, often helped by individual learning or habituation. Man cannot rely on natural selection and its genetically built-in results. But I am sure that, on the basis of scientific knowledge and with the aid of rational goodwill, he could build up something comparable in the way of psychosocial mechanisms which would not only mitigate hatred but transform hate energy and use its aggressive and destructive component for non-aggressive and constructive ends, involving not human bondage but human bonding.

Man, of course, differs profoundly from animals in all his mental capacities, including his capacity to hate. His time-binding capacity makes it easy for him to build up an enduring sentiment of hate out of its primary ingredients of fear and anger, and often to degrade it into sadism and the enjoyment of others' sufferings. His capacity for conceptual and abstract thought makes it easy for him to organise his hate and focus it onto almost any organisation or group, any institution or individual figure-head; while his capacity for the communication of facts and feelings facilitates the kindling and spread of mass-hatred. In man, too, continued frustration can arouse an inarticulate and low-level hate; a half-conscious hatred of a frustrated existence and of the cosmic or social powers which are or seem to be responsible. In the modern world this low-intensity frustration-hatred often arises from fear of losing our sense of security and significance, whether in the universe or in the social order; and this of course is coupled with anger against the powers that be—parents, God, the Establishment, the system, enemy nations, *Them* as against *Us*.

This is most acute in young people, especially teenagers; for they are inevitably trying to discover their real identity and what they mean to themselves and their fellows, to their society and to the enduring world. And it is undoubtedly the source of much so-called juvenile delinquency and stupid vandalism. In fairgrounds, many people will pay money for smashing a pile of crockery: it provides an outlet for the aggression bottled up in their chronic state of sub-hate. Similarly, smashing street-lamps or park benches enables teenagers to redirect their general hatred of the impersonal order of things into personal action, and to assert themselves as individuals.

However, let us remember that an increasing number of young people manage to assert themselves as individuals, and indeed to discover themselves, through some constructive discipline, whether in adventurous mountain-climbing or exploration, in sport, or in cooperative activities like the Boy Scouts or the Peace Corps.

Principles for solving the problems of human hate are easy enough to state, but hard to put into practice. We have to reduce frustration, diminish fear and anger, redirect hostility, transcend or ritualize conflict, and replace merely disruptive violence with integrative cooperation. In every case, our efforts must be two-pronged, aimed not only at decreasing the evil and dangerous elements in the situation, but also at increasing and encouraging their good and constructive antagonists. It is not enough to reduce the various frustrations of our over-crowded, over-mechanised, profit-motivated and rat-race-ridden existence in a so-called Welfare State, or even an Affluent Society: we must begin to build a Fulfilment Society. By this I mean a social organisation which will increase the opportunities for the endless diversity of human beings to realise their immense range of possibilities more fully —through adventure and art, through science and wondering curiosity, through achievement and enjoyment, through cooperative projects, through dedication and the attainment of inner peace.

Furthermore, people must be helped to overcome their feeling of insecurity and meaninglessness in an alien world, and to be given a sense of their significance, in terms both of their own lives and of ultimate human destiny. In the past, this has been the task of the world's religions. But today the appeal of revealed religion is dwindling and the multiplicity of competitive and incompatible religions is hindering the development of the unified "one world" that is so clearly needed.

This can be overcome by spreading the new gospel (in its proper sense of good tidings) of human destiny revealed by modern science and learning. Man, we now know, was not supernaturally created by a god: mind and soul as well as brain and body, he is a natural product of the universal process of evolution. He evolved from a submicroscopic speck of life over a spell of nearly 3 billion years, during which time his lineage has been steadily improved, passing through a series of ever more complex forms, to become eventually the dominant type of organism. His destiny is to assume the responsibilty for guiding the future evolution of this planet through further billions of years.

This scientific vision and gospel provides a firm framework for a world ideology, and could become the basis of a new world religion. Its wide dissemination could markedly reduce religious, ideological and mass hatred. Though power-hungry men will always be able to think up some excuses for their actions, the general acceptance of this new humanist pattern of thought and

ADDENDA TO SYMPOSIUM

*Unfortunately, some of the text pertaining to Trocchi's part in the Symposium was mislaid. This was true particularly of the first two speeches. The substance of what was omitted was as follows:—**Ed.***

. . . books are no longer banned because of four-letter words . . . undeniable, but the significant advance in human affairs is not precisely to do with sexual morality, although the latter is included in it. A change is happening. A whole new way of thinking has become possible with the 20th century, and this is part of a general cultural revolt which has been taking place for nearly a century. Most people are unaware of it, and when it is finally "here", the mass of men may very well think it has been that way all along . . . the fact is, most people don't really notice "sweeping changes". This last century has been full of them and they have changed the world of the 19th century beyond all recognition. And the anomaly is most men still approach the new reality with telescopes from last century's ethical lumber room. But it is just a question of time, not necessarily very long: it takes a long time to initiate a change, but then, suddenly, it is there within a generation. . . . Things are changing because they must. The problem is far broader than sex and censorship. Some men, the world over, are vitally involved in broadening the bases of human experience, in opening up new reaches of the human mind. These things must be done if our civilisation is not to destroy itself. And complete freedom of expression is part of it. All this seems so obvious to those with eyes to see, that we are precisely in the process of "taking a giant step". After all the trouble I have had with censorship, I might be expected to be pessimistic: but I'm not at all. We *must* win the battle for artistic freedom, and I'm very sure we shall. As a matter of fact, the sigma portfolio on which I'm involved deals specifically with this.

Trocchi protests: "Unfortunately, the standing text also contains certain dubious renderings and unequivocal intrusions, at least one conglomerated speech beginning (most irrelevantly), 'Hell no! . . .'—the exclamation and what follows, resembling scraps of manuscript rescued from a fire and glued together with considerable inexpertise. *Und so weiter.* And I cannot end without noticing that the final sentence of the Symposium has been altered most horribly. The original runs: 'And today it is being translated into effective action in all sorts of spheres especially by writers in revolt like . . . but one of our techniques is anonymity, and we call it "evolt".' A sub-editor (no doubt), as the reader will see, decided to replace everything after the dots with the word 'me'. In general, the changes are of that kind, distressing and as subtle as a mailed fist. And *à propos* the description of 'The Penthouse Panel', I suppose 'Propagandist and Revolutionist' refers to Lord Parker and not to myself? That it is simply an error in punctuation? At least, I hope so!"

belief will at least make it impossible for dictators and war-mongers to use God as an alibi for their own aggressive aims.

Fear can certainly be reduced. For the moment, fear of an atomic holocaust has been considerably reduced by what we may call ritualized deterrence, a process analogous to ritualized threat and mutual bluff in animals, but unfortunately very expensive, and always in danger of accidentally exploding into mutual destruction. With nuclear weapons lying around, fear of the enemy has become less than fear of war itself.

But for the fear of major war to be banished and human confidence to be established, something more is needed—progressive disarmament, readiness to negotiate, and acceptance of peaceful coexistence in spite of ideological and political difference.

Meanwhile, responsible men can refrain from hate-provoking utterances. President Kennedy served the world well when he deliberately refrained from any provocation or humiliation of Khrushchev over Cuba. However, the responsibility of politicians can unfortunately not be relied on. Men of good will must come to the rescue by demonstrating that mass-hatred is negative, sterile, irrational and potentially destructive, and so dangerous that governments can legitimately make the public preaching of it a criminal offence.

Another way to prevent the growth of mass hatred, and especially to obviate its eruption into violence, is to reduce the differences in physical and moral well-being and general ideological outlook between conflicting or competing groups. This is especially important as regards the frightening gap between the world's *have* and *have-not* nations. But it applies equally to the ideological differences between blocks of nations, and to the socio-economic differences between groups within nations, including the Negro-White differential in the U.S.A.

A further way of reducing the volume of hatred in the world is to reform our system of justice. Not merely must torture of every kind be rigorously banned, but the whole treatment of offenders must be changed. We must abandon the idea of retributive justice through punishment, which, often justified as the will of an angry God, serves as a convenient outlet for our own repressed fear and anger and sadism, and certainly generates hate among those who are punished; and must attempt the harder but constructive task of rehabilitation, of changing the offender into a relatively hate-free human being and an acceptable and reasonably cooperative citizen.

But however much we reduce human hate, we can never wholly abolish it: accordingly we must try to redirect man's residual hate-energy towards constructive ends. Hatred of injustice, cruelty and unmerited suffering, of tyranny, intolerance and insolence, is right and should be encouraged: but only so long as it is canalised away from senseless violence and utilised in something constructive.

To utilise your hatred of the injustices of colonialism and imperialism which have helped to create the split between the *have* and *have-not* nations, you can support or join the many movements (like Kennedy's Peace Corps) aimed at reducing the injustices, instead of ranting about neo-colonialism. Your legitimate hatred of political and cultural authoritarianism in, say, the U.S.S.R., will be put to better use by your supporting all moves for cultural exchange, and by face-to-face meetings with Russians (it is much harder to hate people than abstractions like nations or political systems) than by jumping on some anti-Communist band wagon. Your hatred of ugliness and squalor can be utilised in movements to preserve and create beauty and ordered pattern, instead of in escapism or endless distraction. Your fears and angers about sickness and suffering can be redirected to support anti-cancer campaigns, birth-control movements, and projects to make old age more tolerable and even fruitful.

It has often been said that a unified world could not preserve its unity without an enemy to hate. This is probably true. But the enemy need not be an external one from some other planet: it could equally well be internal—human imperfections and evils in all their manifestations.

We can also reduce hate by deliberately redirecting, inhibiting, ritualizing, or actually utilising its aggressive component, as has been automatically accomplished in animals.

In most cases, some kind of discipline is

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brought in to inhibit or restrain aggression, and to convert sadistic impulses into the non-aggressive violence of controlled activity. In all games, conflict has been ritualized by a set of formal rules. The golfer has to abide by this discipline of rules; the footballer must also submit to team discipline; and both must accept the moral discipline imposed by the sportsman's code of fair play.

In addition, all sports, including non-competitive ones like mountaineering, demand some code of behaviour from their votaries, and require self-discipline, both physical and moral, through training and practice: climbers or explorers cannot afford outbreaks of rage or senseless violent actions. And certainly international competitive sport is a better outlet than international war for man's store of aggression, even if some of it becomes re-directed onto referees or colleagues on Olympic Committees, or re-expressed in hooliganism by gangs of triumphant or disgruntled fans.

Besides the negative but necessary force of inhibition, some positive motivation can almost always be invoked. The desire for destructive aggression can be overridden or replaced by constructive motives like the desire for excellence or the search for significance.

This is especially true for all shared enterprises which are felt by the participants to be valuable and good in themselves—projects not *against* someone, but *for* something worthwhile. Projects for beautifying your home town, for helping the sick in mind and body, for conserving natural beauty (as with the Youth Conservation Corps), for exploring the unknown (as with the many school and university exploration societies and expeditions), for archaeological ventures, for reconstruction after natural disasters (as with the recent earthquake in Yugoslavia), for aiding underdeveloped countries over health, or education,construction (as with teacher secondment schemes, medical missions, or bodies like the Peace Corps). All these, besides allaying our sense of guilt and redirecting our tendencies to aggression, provide positive satisfaction to our moral and emotional nature.

Such enterprises will be most effective as immediate hate-reducers when they involve the bending of conflicting groups through joint participation.

In all such cases the bonds can be strengthened by what I have called ritualization—accepted formalities and codes of behaviour. The human handshake itself is a ritual gesture of bonding, the open hand denoting the absence of weapons and hostile intent and at the same time proffering friendship.

Unfortunately, so long as our national and world systems offer enormous prizes of power, wealth and self-indulgence, the competition for these by ambitious and selfish men will go on generating hate and violence. Futhermore, so long as populations continue to explode, so will frustration and repressed hate increase, more regimentation will be necessary, and more opportunities will be provided for dictators to grasp power. Accordingly, we must urgently try to bring down the rate of human increase, attempt to devise systems in which power is limited and diffused, and unrestrained and unashamed profit-making is curbed.

Meanwhile, there is one immediate task in which all can share. It is to understand and to spread the scientifically based gospel of our destiny—evolutionary humanism. Once we grasp the basic fact that we, as a species, are responsible for the entire future evolution of our planet, including ourselves, and the further fact that we have so far lamentably failed to realise more than a tiny fraction of our own possibilities, we can begin to organise ourselves for this gigantic and glorious task. We shall find, I am sure, many ways of canalising our hatred of our own imperfections and our guilty sadism in constructive ways, of transcending—perhaps slowly and with many setbacks, but I believe surely and with rational hope—our present essentially self-destructive and hate-generating systems of ideological rivalry and crude national and economic competition in a common pattern of humanist beliefs and in cooperative projects of world development, and of opening doors to the continuing improvement of the human condition, the ever-fuller utilisation of human possibilities, both of achievement and of quality of being, and the proper fulfilment of our destiny.

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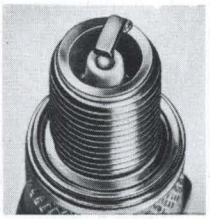

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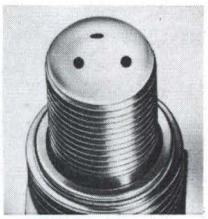

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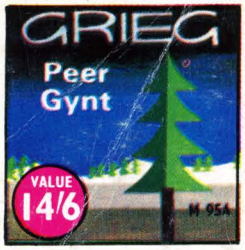

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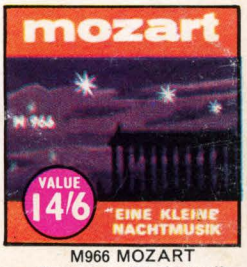
The Halle Orchestra
Sir John Barbirolli, conductor



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